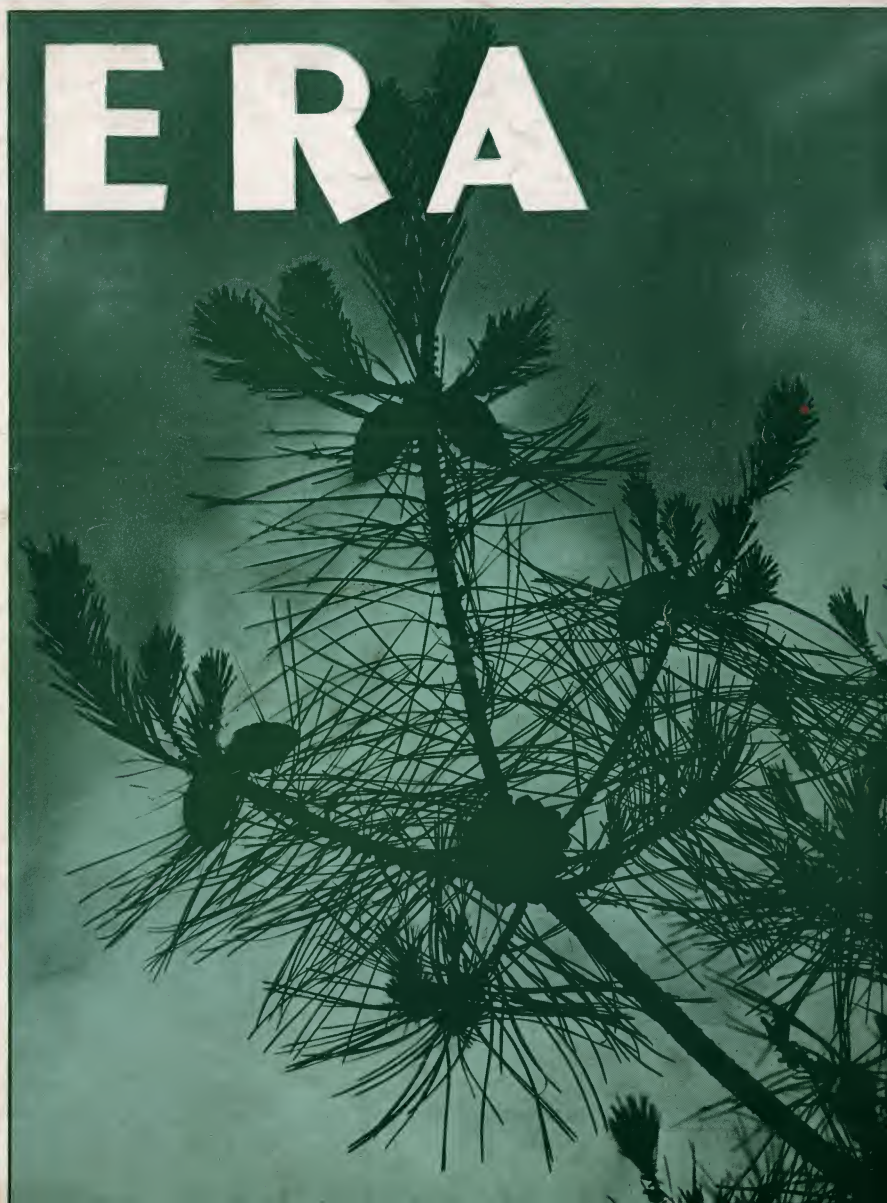
# The Improvement ERA



AUGUST
1934

Volume 37
Number 8

Return Postage
Guaranteed

Salt Lake City, Utah

# Students

WILL BE WELCOMED
AT THE

## Utah State Agricultural College

## Monday September 24, 1934

Life holds much for the young man or woman with a college education.

Prepare now for the future at an extremely low cost.

During these critical days when civilization seems to be hanging in the balance, the thoughtful youth of America will realize as never before the necessity of education for the leaders which America now needs, and in the future will even more desperately need, from her citizens. Utah and the West particularly will sense this great crisis in national and world affairs and will prepare for it.

The Utah State Agricultural College offers to sincere and earnest students an education of the highest quality, in an ideal College environment, at a very low cost. The Institution will continue to maintain the highest standards of scholarship, and it will also preserve its devoted interest in building the character of students as well as developing their technical skill. The College invites conscientious students to begin or to continue their training for constructive American leadership by attending the Institution in 1934.

**Courses are offered in the following schools:**

**AGRICULTURE** **EDUCATION** **ENGINEERING AND**
**FORESTRY** **HOME ECONOMICS** **MECHANIC ARTS**
**ARTS AND SCIENCES** **COMMERCE**

## Utah State Agricultural College

LOGAN, UTAH

**Address the President's Office,** Logan, Utah, if you wish a catalogue, or any additional information.

CODE

# THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
Harrison R. Merrill, *Managing Editor* — Elsie Talmage Brandley, *Associate Editor*

Volume 37 — AUGUST, 1934 — Number 8

## EDITORIALS

The Kingdom of God — *H. R. Merrill* 478
More Talk About Talkies — *Elsie Talmage Brandley* 478

## ARTICLES

Frontispiece — *Alice Merrill Horne* 464
It's Worth $3,000 and Up—Per Year — *Earl J. Glade* 451
Glimpses of June Conference — *Henry A. Smith* 453
The Third Witness — *Bertha A. Stevenson* 458
Supt. George Albert Smith Awarded the Silver Buffalo — 462
Latter-day Saint Youth and the New Day — *Oscar A. Kirkham* 463
The Glorious Possibilities for Us of the Religious Crisis — *Joseph F. Smith* 465
The Religious Crisis of Today — *Elsie Talmage Brandley* 467
Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley — *By Himself* 473
Let's Talk About Personality — *Mildred Baker* 475
The Boy at Lippershey's — *James F. Scheer* 503
The Man You Saw Yesterday — *Ezra J. Poulsen* 504

## FICTION

Architect? Verily — *Will Dobson* 456
Wings — *William F. Eidecker* 460
Courage — *A. M. Chambers* 469
Ruff — *Captain True Banheardt Harmsen* 470

## POETRY

A Boy's Prayer — *Edith Cherrington* 472
The West — *Cristel Hastings* 474
The Real Enemies — *Carlton Culmsee* 476
To a Very Young Love — *Rosannah Cannon* 476
Beloved — *Alpha J. Taylor* 476
Aunt Sally — *Lucy Russell Scott* 476
Masquerade — *Alberta Huish Christensen* 476
Western Winds — *Cristel Hastings* 476
With You Away — *William Sykes* 476
Date Tonight — *Ardyth Kennelly* 476
Tide of Empire — *Mabel Winter Wilson* 476
After Death — *A. Blair Sharp* 477
The Gay Intruder — *Jean McCaleb* 477
Pioneers — *Florence Wilson Anderson* 477
Cedar Tree — *Marie Call* 477
Wishes — *Bess Foster Smith* 477
Just Dog — *Rance Wilcox* 477
Essentials — *Mary Hale Woolsey* 477
Thoughts — *Lars H. Mortensen* 477
At the Crossroads — 477
Doniphan — *Ruth May Fox* 491
Under the Hollyhocks — *Mabel West Lillie* 500
Realization — *L. P. Roberts* 510

## DEPARTMENTS

Lights and Shadows on the Screen — 485
Book Reviews — 486
Music — 487
Ward Teaching — 488
Aaronic Priesthood — 489
Joseph Smith's Own Story — 490
Old Fort Hall — 491
Mutual Messages — 493
Your Page and Ours — 512

## NEW AUTHORS

Summer Joys — *Viola A. Israelsen* 482
Our West — *Mildred Lyman* 482
Our Desert — *Marilene Bloomfield* 482
Sunset — *Vades Johnson* 482
Dear Little Girl — *Hazel J. Owen* 482
Mother — *Leland Wayment* 482
Thoughts at Sunset — *Marlin Bingham* 482
A New Day — *Norma Knight* 482
To You, Mother — *William R. Clarke* 482
Under the Stetson Brim — *Jay P. Sorenson* 483
Sables in Sego Prairie — *L. T. MacFarland* 484

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

***Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education***

**Published monthly by the**
**GENERAL BOARDS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS**

Melvin J. Ballard, *General Mgr.*
Clarissa A. Beesley, *Associate Mgr.*
O. B. Peterson, *Business Mgr.*
George Q. Morris,
Katie C. Jensen
*Chairmen Era and Publicity*

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
*Copyright, 1932, by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All rights reserved.*
*Subscription price, $2.00 a year, in advance; 20c a Single Copy.*

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

"OLD BARN IN HOLLADAY," BY VERLA BIRRELL

# It's Worth $3,000 and Up—Per Year

*By*

EARL J. GLADE

*(This article was suggested by the statement that young Latter-day Saints are handicapped in business by their church activities as compared with their friends who, for instance, in good grace, may indulge in many latitudes not open to our young church workers, such activity frequently resulting in important business deals.)*

EARL J. GLADE, MANAGER OF RADIO STATION KSL

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS and up—per year—that's what conscientious, unstinted participation in church activity may be worth *in cash* to a young man, if his effort is skillfully applied. It is worth an almost comparable amount to a young lady.

I am fully aware that this statement has a rather mercenary ring to it and that we are not accustomed to interpreting spiritual values in dollars and cents. I, therefore, ask your indulgence for the three following considerations:

*First*—It is clearly recognized that there are spiritual values in church activity that are beyond price—joys that the world cannot give and the world cannot take away. It would be a mere travesty to try to interpret them in terms of money.

*Second*—There are, however, mental and physical values directly attributable to church activity which augment one's power to earn and, therefore, can be approximately estimated in money terms.

*Third*—The reason that money is mentioned at all is that dollars and cents represent a very good measuring stick and if there is one thing young people are presumed to understand and to be interested in, it is money.

## *Some Precautions at the Outset*

OBVIOUSLY there are certain definite precautions which must be observed in even contemplating one's church activity as profitable in an economic sense.

The first precaution is to respect the sacredness of spiritual gatherings and never to violate the proprieties in service or in church contacting by directly injecting the element of personal gain.

In the second instance, it is well to keep in mind that these personal gains, while definite and certain, come by indirection.

In losing himself in his spiritual work, the young man can nevertheless be efficiently systematic in a business sense, realizing that order has always been accorded an important place even in things spiritual. This means that a young man may devote himself wholeheartedly to his religious work without thought of direct compensation, although, among the other things he is endeavoring to do, he is also trying to build for himself a substance that will assure him respect and give him influence and power to actualize important achievements for his church, his city and his state as well as for himself and family.

## *How, Then, May a Young Man Proceed Appropriately to Capitalize on His Church Activity?*

BY becoming truly *growth-conscious* and by realizing that all around himself in his activities are values that are priceless—*values that need only to be claimed and put into work-a-day service.*

I shall now list a few of these compensations and opportunities.

## *Opportunities for Training in Oral Expression*

IT was never truer than now that "there is no impression without expression." The church provides young people with incomparable opportunities for acquiring power in oral expression. To be able to speak convincingly has a direct money value. It will pay dividends on every day of the week.

In the recent past, there has been an increased stressing of prepared utterances in church auxiliary activities. The result is an appreciable improvement in the quality of our expression. Even if we speak ad libitum, we usually work from notes. This adds directness, power and conviction.

The church is a great expression laboratory. It is constantly inviting young people *"To know, To be and To do!"*

Full freedom for expression is guaranteed. It is a tribute to our people that, only on rare occasion, has this liberty been abused. Censorship is almost unknown. Good sense obtains—it dominates without being domineering. This stimulates spontaneity of utterance, promotes courage and creates confidence.

Who denies that there is a very distinct economic value to this training? Who challenges the fact that besides its fine aesthetic value and the compensation that always comes from evangelical work, this training is also worth much in real legal tender to the young man who is winning his spurs in life?

### *Stresses Imperative Need of Planning—of Having Specific Wants and Objectives*

NO institution better than the church teaches young people to cultivate real wants—that is, to know *how* to want—and then to build plans to satisfy these wants.

The church is the great creator of faith and faith is the world's most potent spiritual and mental stimulant to worthwhile wanting.

From a cold, monetary basis alone, if the church did nothing other than to teach people to *want adequately* and thus provide that great cosmic urge to ambition and achievement, it would justify itself.

A large part of an enterprise is realized as soon as its sponsor knows accurately what it is that he wants. Most people don't know!

Everyone is energized by recalling, on occasion, the slogan: *"If you know what you want, you can have it!"*

The fixing of definite objectives, the determining of specific wants, the securing of an accurate assignment of effort—these objectives are more efficiently stressed by the church than by any other institution. Who fails to see that they have a positive, definite and tangible economic worth to every young person?

### *The Cultivation of the Imagination is Freighted With Golden Opportunity!*

NO industrial era has placed such a premium on creative endeavor as the present. The world is reaching out for new concepts, new ideas, new satisfactions—the present hour, therefore, is freighted with opportunity for young people with lively and practical imaginations.

Contemplate how this creative spirit is fostered in our young people's organizations and in our study groups. A lively imagination encourages and vitalizes the creative spirit and often points the way to important practical achievement.

Society is willing to reward sponsors of these creative efforts *with something more than just the satisfaction of having done a good job*, although that satisfaction is a truly stimulating part of the compensation.

### *The Church Provides Wholesome Personal Contacts*

CONTRARY to the old order of things, *the church today is making goodness attractive.* The church colors are not a somber black, which actually represents a total absence of color; but a glorious, shimmering white which is a wondrous composite of *all* the colors of the spectrum.

Tolerance today is bringing real meaning to that important rule of conduct announced many years ago: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The result is that outstanding personalities are being attracted to active work in the church and are giving it the finest measure of their effort.

Contacts are vitally important in determining the quality of personality.

*If you hobnob only with skeptics, you generally go sour.*

This is no indictment of the spirit of honest inquiry; it is, however, the recognition of faith as a positive influence encouraging inquiry and stimulating research.

If, on the other hand, you contact men who are achieving substantial objectives—men who, possibly, are doing some of the things you want to do and who possess many of the things you want to possess—then, you will naturally get into the stride of the doer.

*The law of suggestion is as powerful today as ever. The winning spirit is usually caught by contact.*

Thus, the church provides an incomparable opportunity for working with personalities, singly and in groups. It teaches the priceless art of how to get along with people and *offers the greatest avenue available to qualify for organization leadership.*

ON THE WAY TO BOULDER DAM

### *Summary*

WHILE there are considerations identified with church activity that are immeasurably beyond price—satisfactions that only real blessedness knows—it also happens that consistent, enterprising church work—faith-impelling work—accompanied by a sincerely genuine love for one's associates—*also represents a training that has a tangible money value.* When Monday morning comes and the stern realities are ringing the door bell and the telephone, there can be no peace of mind when these ringings are not satisfied.

*Happiness, the second highest form of joy, comes only through work. To be happy, therefore, men must have Work.*

For this reason, work is a very definite, integral part of life's plan. Therefore, the Great Executive is undoubtedly eager to encourage us if we have the wisdom to see that work in His church is also a highly important training to secure the economic competence vital to life at its fullest and its best.

Whether this training is worth $1000 or $10,000 to a young man depends on individual ability to capitalize it. This, in turn, is also *dependent on economic conditions* and population.

There will always be distinct gradations of responsibility just as there are varying degrees of authority. And there will always be people who may be intensely happy in all of these respective assignments.

# Glimpses of June Conference

By HENRY A. SMITH

*Henry A. Smith, editor of the Church Supplement of the Deseret News, herein gives our readers some intimate glimpses of the activities of June Conference. Those who were not present may learn a little of what went on, and those who were may renew their memories.*

FRED SLATER AND LETA VRAZER, ENSIGN STAKE WINNERS OF ORIGINAL DANCE. WINNERS OF CONTEST DANCE WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT MONTH.

VANGUARD ARCHERY GROUP

TO thousands of Mutual Improvement Association officers and members located in many sections of the United States and parts of Canada, the month of June is one of great significance. To them it is more than thirty days of sunshine and beauty of flowers and trees and the heralding of a time to get out and get close to nature.

To this natural attractiveness found in the month is added an event of importance, one which all fondly anticipate for many months, and in its passing one which becomes to them a living memory and an inspiration for a new year's work.

This event is the annual June conference of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations.

The great conference held this year in the shadows of the great "Mormon" temple at Salt Lake City, is of course no exception. Should any exception be noted it must of necessity be in favor of the conference, for the annual event, viewed from all possible angles, was "bigger and better" than ever. I make this statement sincerely. I believe that no other June conference has surpassed or equalled the one held this year.

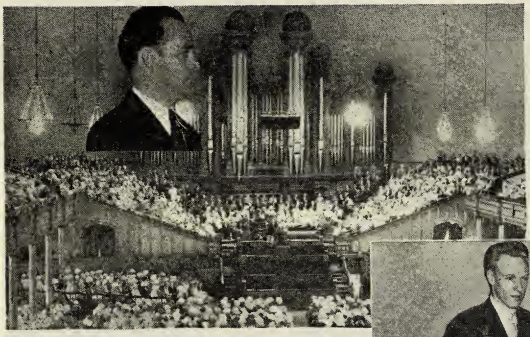
I have been on the grounds "officially" covering the conferences for my paper, for several years. I attended most of the meetings and other feature events of this conference and found something of an unusual nature in each of them. There seemed to be more of an aim, more of real objective to the conference sessions than ever before. Practically every meeting breathed a spiritual message of vital interest to young and old alike.

Anyone listening earnestly to the messages falling from the lips of the leaders of the Church and from M. I. A. officials could not but feel intensely the inspiration that directed their words. After his two messages Sunday, and especially the one given at the final session Sunday evening, one could not help but feel the majesty of the leadership of President Heber J. Grant. His tall figure rose to majestic heights as his clear voice rang out with an inspiring testimony of the divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Those who heard him knew for a certainty of his

sincerity and will not soon forget the spirit of those moments.

President Grant, himself an ardent M. I. A. worker during a long life time, carried a message to all engaged in this work throughout the Church. This special message was that he knew of a certainty of the truthfulness of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that through him the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been restored to the earth, never again to be taken away. President Grant seemed more than ever desirous of impressing upon the minds of all, the fact that it is God's Church and that while men might become wayward and stray, they could not corrupt the Gospel of Jesus Christ which was on the earth to stay.

board near the booth, upon which was recorded at various intervals, the number of registered delegates. Pocatello stake with 127 registered for the three days, took honors in this field. This was close, as several other stakes passed the hundred mark in registration totals. (A photograph of this board showing registrations was run last month.)



REHEARSAL OF MUSIC FESTIVAL CHORUS
INSET—NOBLE CAIN, CONDUCTOR

RIGHT: CHURCH M MEN'S COUNCIL

LEFT: BEE-HIVE FIRST AID TEAM

NOW for the conference details. I just couldn't begin them without first attracting attention to President Grant's testimony, which to me and to countless others assembled, was the feature of the entire meet.

Attendance at all meetings as well as registration from the stakes was record breaking. Daily interest in registrations was attracted by means of a large black-

Youth held the spotlight throughout. Contest finals were held on Friday with young people principally competing for first places. These winners represented approximately 50,000 contestants who entered these events during the year, in the various wards and stakes. The winners were named in the July issue of *The Improvement Era.*

This however is only one phase of the conference which directly concerned the young people. After listening for several months to the young people present their problems before the general board, in an "Attitudes of Youth" survey, four general officers of the M. I. A. undertook to answer them in one of the outstanding sessions of the conference. The problems presented by the young people were difficult, but so successfully were they answered, and so forcefully were M. I. A. officers and teachers made to feel their responsibility in this connection that it will not soon be forgotten.

So important were these talks and so numerous were the requests for them, that three of them are being printed in full in this issue of the *Era* and the fourth, that of Elder Ballard, will be given later. This meeting was held Saturday morning and was the first of the large general sessions held by the M. I. A.

While discussing outstanding features, it is necessary to include here mention of the gigantic music festival. When three thousand singers are heard together in concert it is in itself a feature, but when these same singers attain a quality of perfection such as that heard in the grand music festival in the Tabernacle on the Saturday night of the conference, it becomes more than a feature. It is truly

the realization of a dream in mass participation activity. These three thousand singers, trained in their wards and stakes came from all parts of the United States and from Canada and Mexico, to sing in the festival chorus.

A long season of training under stake leaders, together with three days rehearsing under the guest conductor prior to the presentation, was productive of a finished quality of an unusual nature. Again the singers were lifted to unexcelled heights in this field of activity under the masterly baton of Noble Cain, Chicago musician and one of the country's leading conductors. Mr. Cain also directed the first festival chorus in the Tabernacle, two years ago.

Those who listened to the grand concert were equally thrilled with the singing of Madam Marion Telva, Metropolitan opera star, who was a guest soloist. Madam Telva sang a group of soprano numbers, delighting the vast audience.

TYPICAL BOY SCOUT TROOP, THIS ONE FROM THE 34TH WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE

IN this great concert with its hundreds of participants is seen a vivid example of a new type of participation in cultural and educational events designed to become a part of the forthcoming June conferences. This idea will be carried into drama, dancing, speaking and story telling as well as into music in the future. Many details concerning this new plan are not yet completed, but sufficient was explained at the conference meetings to create unusual interest.

Part of an entire session on the opening day of the conference was devoted to a discussion of this new plan, designed to take the place of contest endeavors in the cultural fields of M. I. A. activity. At this meeting Miss Clarissa A. Beesley, second counselor in the general presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A., ably presented the new features of the M. I. A. program, which greatly simplifies much of the somewhat heretofore complicated activities.

Two items particularly stressed by her were the supplanting of the contests for the coming season by the motive of achievement. She also outlined a plan for the work of the season ahead by which classwork and activity work in the Mutuals will be given separately on different nights of each month. This means that two Tuesday nights of the month will be devoted to a study of lessons from the class manuals and two Tuesday nights will be devoted exclusively to the appreciation courses or activity program. When a fifth Tuesday occurs under the new plan, the M. I. A. hour will be devoted to a general program prepared and given by the various departments.

Miss Beesley emphasized the fact that these two new program features had not been decided upon until the general boards had given them careful consideration and had reached the conclusion that the aim to achieve was more noble than the aim to excel.

In her discussion, Miss Beesley outlined the three requirements for each mutual unit to fulfill in order to gain recognition in Church-wide program:

First: A given percentage of attendance at Mutual meeting on the part of each individual participating.

Second: The study and satisfactory completion of any two courses of activity in the M. I. A. program.

Third: One public appearance, or more, of the individual in the performance of some phase of Mutual work.

In the matter of awards it was explained that these were threefold: The individual thus achieving will be presented with a membership card bearing the signatures of the members of the superintendencies of the general boards; each may purchase at a very nominal cost a Mutual Improvement honor pin; and third the individual will be eligible to attend and participate in the Church-wide educational program at the June Conference, which will replace and surpass in interest and popularity, the contest finals in Salt Lake.

ANOTHER important feature of this session was the introduction of the new slogan of the M. I. A. for 1934-35. This new banner under which the organization membership will march to victory during this coming season is:

"By My Actions I Will Prove My Allegiance to the Church."

Mrs. Rose W. Bennett, of the Y. W. M. I. A. general board introduced the slogan saying: "This is a day of actions and few words. We are not worthy of the Church if we do not support it."

On Friday morning, June 8, the M. I. A. met jointly with the Primary Association in the Tabernacle, to hear greetings from the general officers and also from President Grant. General Superintendent George Albert Smith, of the Y. M. M. I. A., and President Ruth May Fox, of the Y. W. M. I. A., each expressed gratitude for the loyalty of M. I. A. workers throughout the past year. They officially greeted all present, as also did General Superintendent May Anderson of the Primary Association.

President Grant, speaking at this session, told of the power of a personal testimony of the Gospel, and counseled the assembled delegates to do all in their power to stimulate a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel in the hearts of all the children and young men and young women in their care.

President Grant told of his participation in the first Y. M. M. I. A., organized in 1874 in the Thirteenth ward, at which he was

(Continued on page 497)

# Architect? Verily

I.

THE NEW MEETING HOUSE

ON that lovely spring day Bishop McDowell was full of gloom. Jim Burton, architect and foreman of the new meeting house, was becoming too cheerful.

"Jim's got a bottle hid somewhere about," the Bishop grumbled to Counselor Thad Clark. "He'll never stop 'til he's down."

"That rat of a Harve Worts!" Counselor Clark gloomed. "I'd like to tie a stone to his filthy neck and heave him in the lake. Slippin' around with that filthy stuff he 'stills!"

"No use." The Bishop dissented. "Some other would take his place."

Absorbed in his problem, the Bishop cast unseeing eyes on the deepening green of the eastern hills. It was indeed a beautiful, peaceful day. New leaves clothed the trees that lined the streets of the little settlement of Farmington. Gulls from the nearby lake circled lazily overhead, white against the blue of the sky, or quarreled shrilly in the long furrows of the plowmen in the rich brown fields. The cheerful sounds of hammer and saw vied with the musical clang of the blacksmith's hammer. Farmington was busy building a meeting house.

At this stage of her history most of the Great Basin was a blank on the map. Farmington fields had not been tilled many seasons. As yet the town was a mere handful of farmers and tradesmen. Most of the homes were of logs chinked with mud. A few were of adobe. Some boasted shake roofs, but most roofs were of sod. There were newly arrived families living in tents.

But Farmington was building a meeting house. This required much sacrifice. Before a plan had been approved that came within their means there had been many meetings and much planning together of her leaders.

The problem did not discourage them. The easy going, the weak, and the lazy had been left behind back in the "old countries" from which these restless, fearless settlers had been gathered. The call to come to the West had automatically sifted the strong from the weak, the honest from the greedy, the worker from the shirker. Those with courage to match their ideals had given up the comforts of an established civilization to brave hardships in a strange new world.

They now responded willingly to the call of their Bishop for a new meeting house. Willingly they came forward and pledged the best they had of labor and materials. Some gave up cherished private plans. Others sacrificed precious stores of lumber they had been gathering against the day when they could build themselves better homes.

IN charge of construction was dynamic Jim Burton. He was an erect, forthright Englishman with a flaming red beard. He and Bishop McDowell both worked with the men they directed. Burton was of the sort who says,

"HOW DO?" HE GREETED RESPECTFULLY. "NICE ROSES. BROTHER BURTON'S GONE TO THE SAWMILL. ASKED ME TO COME BY AND TELL YOU. WON'T BE BACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS."

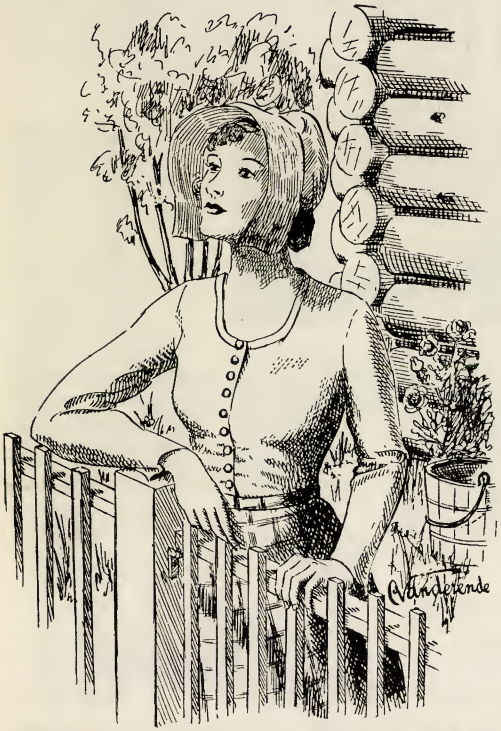
"Come on, boys!" and is not satisfied with himself unless he is doing more than any other workman. The pride he took in the sharpness of his tools was almost childlike in its intensity. He could not stand to see fine quality lumber abused by careless, ignorant workmen.

As the Bishop had feared, Jim's false cheer had increased. As the day progressed, it became silly hilarity, disorganizing the work and annoying his sober associates. By evening he was beastly drunk. Another workman, only a little less befuddled than Jim, helped him into the back of a wagon, and a noisy crowd drove away to hunt more "valley tan."

Next morning Burton was missing from the job. The next step, framing and placing the huge, spe-

*Jim Burton was a wizard with carpenter's tools—but he liked drink. Mary Burton was a faithful wife who feared, and fled with her husband to the desert to escape liquor.*

# By WILL DOBSON



"THANKS, ED," MARY MANAGED. SHE HAD RECEIVED MANY SUCH MESSAGES.

cially designed rafters, calculated with mathematical precision to bear the full span of the roof, could not be taken without architect Burton. The work stopped.

"Go back to your own work," the Bishop had been forced to tell the crew. "When we can go on again, I'll call you back to work." There the job stood stranded while precious days slipped away.

## II.

### Men Must Work

ONLY partly freed from the chains of sleep, Mary Burton lay for some moments gratefully relaxed. The cheerful sounds of a new spring day seeped gradually into her consciousness. The soft dawn-light from the one big window lay like a friendly smile on the bright pattern of the quilt that covered her.

A vigorous young cottonwood, its clean green leaves stirred by the canyon breeze, whispered confidential gossip outside the open window. Far off, a rooster crowed. Hens scolded and cackled. Birds chattered. The mingled music of cowbells, near and far, told of the morning milking hour. Spring lay like a benediction over the valley.

Then grim reality flooded Mary's brain. Memory took up its burden. She awakened to sickening realization. It must have been near midnight, she recollected, when she had fled up the narrow stairway and flung herself into bed. She had been weak with spent fury and trembling from the reaction of the tornado of wrath she had loosed on Jim Burton's head. For two weeks her wrath had been accumulating while Jim, missing from accustomed haunts, caroused with his thirsty friends.

She had left Jim pacing the little crowded kitchen like a caged animal. Her last consciousness as she fell into troubled dreams was of that monotonous pacing. She turned to the pillow beside her own. It had not been dented. That side of the deep corn shuck mattress lay smooth. All night Jim must have spent pacing back and forth, struggling with his tortured nerves.

Wrestling, too, no doubt, with the searing words she had flung at him the night before. Well, she told herself, they were coming to him.

"What did I say?" she asked herself. What she remembered did not reassure her. Words Jim could not very well forgive. Words she now regretted. She had wanted to hurt him. Now that mood was gone. The picture of Jim whipped by his own searing conscience moved her now to pity. Now she wanted only to mother him—to love and be loved.

She listened nervously. Jim was still in the kitchen. She could hear him building a fire in the little Charter Oak stove. She threw aside the covers and began dressing hurriedly. There was work to do.

The two babies, as was their habit, still slept peacefully in their homemade crib. Mary bent over them fondly, touching their rebellious curls with loving little kisses. The wave of tenderness that for a moment glorified her face gave way again to gnawing misery. She turned away with a heavy sigh. What had life in store for her babies?

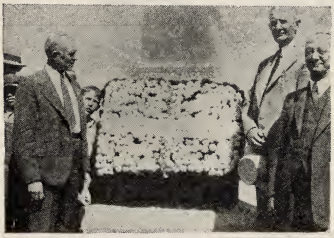
On the stairs, she thought how love can torture. Both were suffering. She suffered Jim's pain and her own. In turn, she did not doubt that he suffered most in seeing what she was forced to endure. It seemed all so mixed and so useless. A sense of unutterable helplessness and loneliness swept over her. (*Continued on page 499*)

# The THIRD WITNESS

*By*

BERTHA S. STEVENSON

*"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come: That we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared. * * And we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true * * *."*
*—From the Testimony of the Three Witnesses.*



THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC BY THE FLORAL BOOK OF MORMON

CROWDS ASSEMBLED FOR THE CEREMONIES

THE MONUMENT TO MARTIN HARRIS

VERL W. GODFREY PLACING THE FLORAL OFFERING

THE story of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon is an ever new, ever interesting one to the Latter-day Saints. The plates from which this book was translated were shown only to a privileged few, and these were commanded to bear witness that they had seen them.

The three witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris did as they were commanded. Through all the stress of early day persecution, and under all conditions throughout their lives they were steadfast to that which they had witnessed, that they had beheld the plates and the engravings thereon.

Martin Harris, the third witness, was the only one of the three who came to Utah, and the story of his coming is an interesting bit of church history not generally known. His coming here was accomplished largely through the interest and sympathy of Elder Edward Stevenson, and his appointment to bring him to Utah was the culmination of a friendship born through Martin Harris' testimony to him as a young boy at the impressionable age of his life.

With the announcement of an Aaronic Priesthood pilgrimage to the grave of Martin Harris in celebration of the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the restoration of that Priesthood, this story of his coming is recalled.

It is from the sermons and writings of Elder Stevenson that we get our most intimate and accurate account of his association with Martin Harris.

He tells us of his first having met him in 1834, when he was a boy, about fourteen years of age, living in Pontiac, Michigan. Martin Harris had a sister living there whom he went to visit, and while there preached and bore his testimony concerning the Golden Plates. "The people of the neighborhood were much interested and impressed."

There is no record of Elder Stevenson's having seen Martin Harris again until he was a man fifty years of age. He says: "Thirty-six years after this first meeting with Martin Harris, I was back again in the east filling a mission for the Church, and while in Kirtland, I met him as he was coming out of the Temple."

MARTIN HARRIS was by now an old man, eighty-eight years of age and was very poor. Brother Stevenson says he told him of the growth of the church, and the blessings of membership in it, and bore his testimony to him. He says Martin Harris seemed strongly impressed and "I was moved to compassion for him."

While in Kirtland Brother Stevenson preached to the saints and promised to go back sometime and speak in the Temple.

On his return to Salt Lake City he went to President Young and related his experience, of having seen Martin Harris. He says: "After my arrival in Utah in 1870, I was inspired to write to Martin Harris and soon received a reply and after a few letters had been

exchanged, he wrote saying that the Spirit of God for the first time prompted him to go to Utah. More letters were exchanged and President Brigham Young, having read the letters, through President George A. Smith requested me to get up a subscription and emigrate Martin to Utah, he subscribing twenty-five dollars for that purpose. Having raised the subscription to about two hundred dollars, I took railroad cars for Ohio on the 19th of July, 1870, and on the 10th of August filled my appointment, preaching twice in the Kirtland Temple, and finding Martin Harris elated with his prospective journey."

Martin Harris went around and bade his friends farewell and he and Elder Stevenson started for Salt Lake City. They stopped over in Chicago where Martin Harris bore his testimony of the Golden Plates, and the Saints there bought him a new suit of clothes. At Des Moines, Iowa, they stopped again. A conference was in session there, and a baptismal service was being held. He again bore his testimony and Elder Stevenson says: "I took this opportunity to teach Martin Harris the necessity of being rebaptized, and quoted to him from Revelations, fifth chapter and second verse." In the same article he says: "Many interesting incidents were related by Martin Harris on our journey (from Ohio to Utah in 1870), one of which I will relate."* He told Brother Stevenson that on a certain occasion a group of men had tried to get him drunk and then had said to him: "We want you to be frank regarding this story of your seeing an angel and the Golden Plates," and as always, whenever questioned, he told them that it was true, he had seen the plates.

"On the 30th of August, 1870, Martin Harris arrived in Salt Lake City in the care of Elder Stevenson." After his arrival he continued to bear his testimony, and on Sunday, September 4, 1870, he spoke in the Tabernacle. One of Edward Stevenson's daughters, Mrs. Charles F. Wilcox, remembers having heard him speak. His voice was feeble but he shouted that all might hear as he vehemently pounded the pulpit in his earnestness.

BROTHER STEVENSON says: "One day Martin Harris came to my home and said he wished to be baptized and also to be baptized for some of his dead kin," and continues: "The baptismal font was prepared and by arrangements I led Martin Harris down into the water and rebaptized him. Five apostles were present, viz: John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith and Joseph F. Smith. After baptism Orson Pratt confirmed him, and I joined with the rest of the brethren, by the laying on of hands. After this, on the same day, he was baptized for some of his dead friends and his sister was baptized for some of their female friends."

On one occasion, when a group met at Elder Stevenson's home, Martin Harris was asked to tell the circumstances of his seeing the plates. He said: "The angel stood on the opposite side of the table from the witnesses, and turned the pages one by one." Martin took up a book and turned the pages to illustrate, and continued, "The angel declared that the Book of Mormon was translated correctly by the power of God and not of man and that it contained the fulness of the Gospel. The witnesses were required to bear their testimony of these things," he said.

"Martin Harris went to Smithfield to live with his son, Martin Harris, Jr., and lived the rest of his days in Cache Valley."† His last years were peaceful and he was lovingly cared for. He died July 10th, 1875, at the age of ninety-three, five years after he had come to Utah.

"On the afternoon of his death he was bolstered up in bed, where with a Book of Mormon in his hand, he bore his last testimony to those who were present."

Brother William Harrison Homer, father of Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe, was present on this occasion and has left us his testimony, that the last words of Martin Harris were: "Yes, I did see the plates on which the Book of Mormon was written; I did see the Angel; I did hear the voice of God; and I do know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God, holding the Keys to the Holy Priesthood."

Those who dressed him for burial placed a Book of Mormon in his right hand and a Doctrine and Covenants in his left. He was laid away thus, symbolically witnessing in death, that which in life he had never denied.

*Millennial Star, Vol. 48, page 367-389.

†History of the Church.

*WHAT was probably the largest gathering of members of the Aaronic Priesthood in the history of the Church assembled at the grave of Martin Harris, one of the witnesses of the Book of Mormon May 19, 1934, as the climax to the observance of Aaronic Priesthood week. This annual celebration commemorates the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, May 15, 1829. Approximately ten thousand young men, their leaders and friends, joined in the historic pilgrimage and spent an hour at the grave of the man who played such an important part in the early history of the Church.*

*The pilgrimage was conducted in honor of the 151st anniversary of Elder Harris, who was born May 18, 1783, at Easttown, New York. The grave is at Clarkston, Cache County, Utah, where he died July 10, 1875, at the age of 91. He had lived at Clarkston more than a year before his death.*

*Members of the Presiding Bishopric, under whose direction the pilgrimage was conducted were the principal speakers at the exercises held at the grave. Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon presided and made the opening remarks. Bishop David A. Smith and Bishop John Wells, counselors to Bishop Cannon, made the principal talks. Others participating were Elder John D. Giles, field representative for the Aaronic Priesthood, Elder Ezra T. Stevenson, whose father, Edward Stevenson, was instrumental in bringing Elder Harris to Utah in 1870, and William Pilkington of Smithfield, who as a boy lived in the Harris home and was a witness to the testimony of Martin Harris many times.*

*A tribute to the memory of the early Church leader was paid in the placing of a large floral piece in the shape of the Book of Mormon on the grave by Verl W. Godfrey of Clarkston, a Priest representing the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church. All heads were bared for one minute. The invocation and benediction were offered by members of the Aaronic Priesthood, Earl Saunders a Priest of Cache Stake and Melvin Nielsen, a Teacher of Logan Stake, officiating. Aaronic Priesthood members also furnished the music as members of the North Cache High School band and the East Jordan Stake Aaronic Priesthood orchestra. The stake Aaronic Priesthood committee of Benson Stake acted as host committee under the direction of the stake presidency.*

*John E. Godfrey and John Buttars of Clarkston, both over eighty years of age, who heard one of the last testimonies of Martin Harris, were present as guests of honor. Bishop Seymour Thompson, of Clarkston, had charge of local arrangements. Nearly nine hundred automobiles, trucks and busses were counted during the day.*—John D. Giles.

# WINGS * *

## By WILLIAM F. EIDECKER

*Mary Brown had a family, Rose Hutton an airplane—they had been and were friends—then came Mary's big day—she was going to fly with Rose—and flying is so extatic!*

MARY wakened to a thrilling sense of adventure. After weeks of anticipation the day of days had arrived when Rose was coming back to her home town to open the new "million dollar airport," with the christening of the plane, and a spectacular flight in it around the city. And to Pittston, Rose might be "Rose Hutton, the famous aviatrix," but to her she was also her old chum, with whom she had shared so much: play days and school days, and even her wedding day, when their friendship was cemented by the little ceremony at the little church around the corner, when Rose Dale became Mrs. Laurence Hutton and Mary Martin became Mrs. David Brown.

And, although now it was nearly ten years since they had parted, Rose had never forgotten that friendship, as Mary often remarked warmly to her husband, although she herself was still just Mrs. "Dave" Brown, living in a little rented bungalow on the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

But today she would shine in the reflected glory of her famous chum. The crowning event of the whole wonderful affair was that Rose had invited her to share her flight over Pittston.

Mary tiptoed downstairs. Dave had left for work at daybreak. If only the children would sleep this morning! There was so much to be done, and Rose had said in her letter that she would stop by to pick Mary up at one o'clock. "I only hope you will enjoy the day's program," Rose had written. That program included the ceremonials at the airport, the flight, and the dinner at the Bellevue, given by the airport officials for their honor guest. Then Rose would return with her to the little bungalow for the night. Mary felt just one regret. While Dave had been included in Rose's invitation, he was fearful of missing a day, now that he had finally gotten the painting contract for the new county school, so he had regretfully declined.

Mary suspended the washing of Dave's breakfast dishes to open the back door. It was going to be a beautiful day. The sky was as clear as crystal, just the perfect setting needed for the big silver plane the airport officials had in readiness for their noted guest's flight. Mary had a newspaper clipping of it pinned behind the sink. "Silver Wings" it was to be christened.

Mary planned her morning's work as she flew about. She did want the little bungalow to be spic and span when Rose came. And she'd have to get a little ironing done: Rosmary's pink organdy, and their "Sunday" clothes for the others. She wanted them to look their best, too. Rose had never seen her four little towheads. But she always called herself their "long distance Aunty," and sent them expensive gifts from time to time. Dear, generous Rose!

"She must have made a fortune," Mary remarked. But then, it was just like Rose to land on her feet! Even as girls, when the two had taken their first business positions, Rose had been so ambitious. She always declared she didn't intend to wind up her days as a stenographer; she would work up to something big, or, if she married, it would have to be a wealthy man.

Well, quiet, sincere Laurence Hutton had not been rich; but he had held a prominent and promising clerical position, and in a few weeks after the little double wedding, he had had an excellent offer to go to California to connect with an airplane corporation.

FROM the first, Rose's letters to Mary had said that "Larry" was doing well. But evidently Rose was doing even better. Before long had come her enthusiastic announcement that she was taking up flying. In a short time it did not take Rose's letters to keep her friend posted as to her progress as a pilot. Press announcements began to appear regularly, telling that "Rose Hutton, California's foremost aviatrix, had won the Bane endurance test medal"—that "Rose Hutton would try to set a new record for herself in a coast to coast flight"—that "the famous Los Angeles woman pilot thrilled spectators with her stunt exhibition at the Flyer's air meet"—and finally her crowning achievement, when she accomplished her historical flight to the Azores.

Yes, Rose had kept her word, Mary told herself proudly, as she hurried about her household tasks.

Her activities were interrupted by a little cry from overhead. She went upstairs. Midway she encountered five-year-old Rosemary, her big blue eyes slumber-laden.

"Mother, Baby Alice is awake," she whispered.

"Hush, dear," her mother admonished her. "Don't waken the others."

But the others were awake, she found, when she reached the whimpering baby. Eight-year-old David and three-year-old Buddy were already commencing to whoop over their usual morning pillow-battle.

After that it was a seemingly endless whirl of activity. But at last order came out of chaos. Mary, dressed in her best blue voile, her

new hat and gloves waiting on the hall-rack, came out to the little front porch and sat down. Out under the trees the children played. David was pulling the gleeful Buddy up and down in the old packing box on wheels he had fixed up as an "airplane" to show his aunt Rose, while motherly little Rosemary pushed baby Alice to and fro in her go-cart. Trudy Downey, who was to mind them, should be there any minute. Mary closed her eyes and relaxed, then came to with a start as the whistle at the airport just a short distance over the hill blew. Noon, and no Trudy! But Mary took consolation in the thought that Trudy was always a little late.

But as the minutes began to tick off at an alarming rate, she became genuinely worried. There was no possible way of reaching Trudy, who lived in the country, without a telephone. Mary's messages to her always had to be relayed through the grocer's boy. Mary paced the porch. Again came the airport whistle. One o'clock. Rose was due to arrive. She was at her wits' end. Suppose Trudy didn't show up at all!

Ten minutes after one—and a big, gray car, driven by a uniformed chauffeur, came into view, drawing up before the gate. There were several people in it. But only one alighted, a slender, khaki-clad figure in a natty aviatrix garb.

"Mary!" cried Rose Hutton, holding out her arms.

"Rose Hutton? Yes."

After a brief conversation the aviatrix stepped back in the car and it drove away.

"But I thought you was plannin' to go to the airport with her," Mrs. Strubel, a neighbor called to Mary from her front porch.

"I can't. My girl didn't show up."

"Lands, that' too bad." Mrs. Strubel's weather-beaten face wrinkled sympathetically. "But listen, Mis' Brown. If you can wait till I get the boarders' dinner over, I can keep them for you."

Mary's face brightened; but she shook her head.

"You have enough to do without minding four children!"

"Didn't I raise eight?" Mrs. Strubel chuckled.

Mary's spirits were rising. The airport was only fifteen minutes' walk across the fields. Suppose she only got there for the flight? That was something!

"If you're sure you won't mind!" she said.

WHEN, nearly two hours later, Mrs. Strubel's cheerful call came through the back door, Mary came downstairs, hatted and gloved.

"I bet you're excited," Mrs. Strubel told her.

"I think it would have killed me to have had to stay home," Mary confessed. "I only hope the children don't worry you. Buddy and the baby are asleep under the trees. David and Rosemary begged to be allowed to pick wild flowers in the meadow, but after a while they'll get sleepy, too. And Mr. Brown will be here by five."

"Just so I get home in time to fix the boarders' supper, I'm not worryin'," Mrs. Strubel declared heartily.

With buoyant step Mary went down the walk. She paused for a peep at the go-cart and hammock. Then stopped short. The latter, where she had left Buddy, was empty.

"He must have wakened and gone after David and Rosemary," Mrs. Strubel suggested.

They turned to the meadow. At the far end two little fair heads could be glimpsed.

"Is Buddy with you?" Mary called anxiously.

"No, Mother," they chorused.

"He may have come into the house while I was upstairs," Mary said. She hurried indoors. But a thorough search failed to reveal chubby Buddy. Mary felt a clutch of fear at her heart as she came outdoors again.

"Perhaps he heard the band playing over at the airport, and wandered off toward it," Mrs. Strubel said.

"* * * FROM OVER THE HORIZON IT SOARED—A SILVER PLANE, SWEEPING GRACEFULLY ACROSS THE SKY-LINE."

Mary paled.

"With so many machines going that way, he may have been run down!"

"Now, don't get upset," Mrs. Strubel insisted. "Wherever he is, he's all right. Somebody'll pick him up. Trouble is, they won't know where to return him. I tell you: You stay here and I'll start out.

(*Continued on page* 508)

# Supt. George Albert Smith Awarded the Silver Buffalo

SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND SILVER BUFFALO AWARD

*The entire membership of the Church will be interested in this important event, for undoubtedly, few men who have ever served the Church have had so many warm friends among its membership. In selecting Superintendent Smith for this award Scouting officials showed their wisdom and sagacity.*

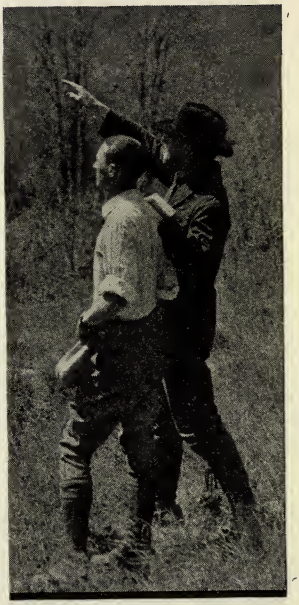
THE Mutual Improvement Associations, Scout leaders of the Church Aaronic Priesthood supervisors who cooperate in Scouting, and the Church itself, was signally honored at the annual meeting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, May 31, at Buffalo, New York. At that time Elder George Albert Smith, member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles and General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., which makes him the ranking officer of Scouting in all the Church, was awarded the Silver Buffalo, the highest award in Scouting in the United States and equal, at least, in honor to any such award made anywhere in the world. It is interesting to note that the award of the buffalo was made in the city of Buffalo and in the state in which the Church was organized.

The silver buffalo is awarded for outstanding and meritorious service to boyhood. Only six are awarded each year. In the distinguished company this year were such well known men as Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet during the World War, and Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

The awards were made at the annual dinner, in the presence of hundreds of the leading Scouters of America and many invited guests of national prominence. It is one of the outstanding features of the National Council meetings and the few who are chosen to receive this high honor are shown every consideration and courtesy.

As the awards are made the officer making the presentation repeats the words of an official citation from the highest officials of Scouting. When Elder Smith was honored the following citation was read:

"GEORGE ALBERT SMITH: Business executive, religious leader. Former President of the International Irrigation Congress and International Farm Congress, Federal Receiver of Public Moneys and Special Disbursing Agent for the State of Utah. Member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and General Superintendent of the Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Associations of that Church. Organizer and President of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association. Member of the National Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America, Program Divisional Committee, Committee on Relationships, and of its Region Twelve Executive Committee, and identified with its local activities continually almost since its organization. He has been indefatigable in serving the cause of Scouting, and to his enthusiasm for its program must be largely traced the fact that Utah stands above all other states in the percentage of boys who are Scouts."



SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND HIS SON, ALBERT, IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

# Latter-day Saint Youth and the New Day

*By*
Oscar A. Kirkham
*of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board*
*(Talk given at M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1934)*

HERBERT KAUFMAN, one of our national writers has said:

"Opportunity changes her password every day—the world is spinning four times as fast as it used to. The man who hasn't progressed is like the householder who expects the key of his old flat to fit his new home—'He can't get in'."

* * * * *

"No man is secure who feels a sense of security. Self-complacency is a frost—it kills growth. Self-satisfaction is a rust—it dulls brilliance. The universe wants new ways of doing old things and the new ways become old over night.

* * * * *

"The narrow man can't survive. Broader chests and broader foreheads are ready to replace him. The young man is challenging his ability. Unless he constantly renews his vitality and reviews his knowledge—unless he keeps posted and keeps pacing—unless he adds to his mental kit the newer tools of thought and trade—the newer systems and the newer economics—he cannot hope to compete in the after-building."

For some time the General Boards of M. I. A. have been making a special study of the attitudes of our young people toward religion, morals and citizenship. This study included the presentation before the General Boards of a number of carefully prepared papers by young people on these subjects. The General Boards also have held a number of special sessions at which time they discussed also these problems. Today's program is a further step in the study.

I am sure we all agree that there is a new day, that there never was a time quite like the present; science and industry have contributed so many things for the comfort and blessing and educational progress of this generation that it can truly be said "It is a new day."

A proud father told me that his fifteen year old daughter had just graduated from the Junior High School. He had made her a present of a diary and told her that he felt it would be a fine thing for her to keep a daily record of her life. After a moment of meditation the fifteen year old daughter said to her father, "Why didn't you give me this diary *years ago*, all of the important things of my life have *already* happened?" Youth has been pepped up to such a speed as this!

I asked one young man, just returning home from graduation at one of our Eastern Colleges, if he felt that we were really living in or approaching a new day or if it was just what every generation has met. His answer was interesting and also was expressive of the persistent hope and ambition of young people—"If it isn't a new day we will make it one."

* * * * *

Today's papers carry the story of an America-Japan Student Conference to be held at Tokyo in July of this year.

About 50 students from leading colleges in the United States will attend the conference, which is held for the purpose of promoting international cooperation. The discussions will be on economics, politics, religion, philosophy, education and international problems.

Politicians and sensational press may be trying to promote war, but youth will sit in conference and give serious study and helpful cooperation to peace.

* * * * *

IN a Memorial Day address, one of our National leaders gave an outline of what he believed could be accomplished. He said in part:

"Under the constitutional authority and responsibility to promote the general welfare, we can fix a minimum wage; we can establish the hours that constitute a day's work; we can publicly own and operate the public utilities and perform all public services by public servants; we can coin money and regulate its value without the intervention of banks and private institutions; we can even have the authority to establish the value of a dollar as measured in labor or the products of labor instead of gold.

"We can prevent the monopolization of our natural resources that, in fact belong to all. We can determine the just return on capital, whether owned by the government or individuals. In fact, the constitution of the United States is broad enough and comprehensive enough, if properly interpreted and administered, to meet every obligation of man to his fellows and of government to her citizens.

"The people of this country are entitled to and will have a government as progressive as they are progressive."

Right or wrong we cannot perhaps doubt one thing and that is that we are facing serious problems, the solving of which is our responsibility in this new day.

The Latter-day Saint people have always believed in a new day. It was the hope, it was the dream, it was the answer to prayer by the Prophet Joseph Smith, that brought to the world a new day. Brigham Young with his gallant band of courageous Pioneers faced the bleak desert and built the lonely mountain road with the hope of a new day. The belief in modern revelation, the progressive spirit of our church and its leaders has ever stood for the coming of the new day.

For a number of years Mr. Miller, manager of the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, in developing a delightful hobby, has sent representatives to different parts of the world, making a wonderful collection of bells. On approaching a dealer in Italy he was surprised to hear the man say that if he wanted to see and hear the finest collection of bells in the world he should get in touch with Mr. Miller at the Mission Inn at Riverside, California.

Last year I had an interesting experience. At Kansas City, I visited the headquarters of one of our largest youth movements in America; in New York I met with a number of other national movements; in Berlin I heard the story of Hitler's Youth Movement, in Italy leaders of Mussolini's, Ballioa' and the Facist Youth movements were very gracious and gave me the details of their program, but on my way home in London, searching still further to get in touch with the subject, I was quite startled and interested to hear an international representative of the

Y. M. C. A. say, that if I wanted to get the best program that he had ever heard of for young men and young women, I should by all means visit on my return to America, Salt Lake City, and get in touch with the Mormon program for its young people. Yes, the Latter-day Saint Church has always been deeply interested in its youth and have always been looking forward to a new day.

SOMETIME ago a young man wrote in one of our popular magazines a very challenging article on "Does it Pay to be Honest?" This has a great bearing on youth in the new day. Twenty-five thousand letters were sent in answer to this young man's challenge. I want to quote one or two paragraphs from the answers which have been given by the young men themselves:

"The rules of the game are changing. If you will read the commentaries of the ringsiders and the participants in recent history, you will find that human intelligence is creeping in. This new attitude, this promotion of men on account of their ability and knowledge, rather than party affiliations, will displace the political grafter. And 'Human intelligence' in governmental affairs is just another name for 'honesty' when it has outgrown the moral-precept stage and been applied to the welfare of a nation's people.

"The older generation has been getting all excited about this terrible, immoral, younger generation. Little do they seem to realize that it is themselves who need a moral cleansing. They are on the brink of bungling into another war, and if they do they will beat drums like savages and send us young people out to do their murdering and to be murdered.

"We want peace because we know why wars are fought. They know too but they seem to be peculiarly lacking in moral and common courage. There is a new day dawning. The sun of Human Intelligence is peeping over the horizon, the young people of this generation are awake and watching its splendor."

We must not be confused. What I said in the beginning, that the Latter-day Saints have always believed in a new day, is true. Our deep concern is that *as* we face this changing world we shall have and hold fast to those divinely inspired truths, the revealed word of God, our blessings through our simple daily duties and devotions, our religious teachings. This, in order that we shall *ever* be ready to appreciate and enjoy all that is "honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, * * * lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy."

My greatest inspirations have come to me when I have seen modern youth at its best in action. I remember one day in the city park of Sacramento, after a Red leader had addressed several hundred people with his wild stories of government injustice and had made other sensational appeals, the crowd was built up almost to a spirit of mob violence. Then a young man, who had been listening in, took off his coat, sprang to the box and asked for the privilege of answering with his story of loyalty, "This is our land, we must have more control in these hours of great stress;" and then with his clear, sincere reasoning and his appeal for faith in leadership, for respect for law and order, he had soon entirely changed the attitude of the crowd. It was a courageous youth facing a new day.

On another occasion, at Columbia University, in one of the classes, when a leader of young people from South America, after having read the program of our Latter-day Saint young people asked: "This is all very interesting, but does it work?" and a Y. M. C. A. secretary from Czechoslovakia requested: "Let me speak; let me answer that question." And then he recited the story of a group of L. D. S. boys with whom he had come in contact, "they played the game like real sportsmen." He said, "they took the decision of the officials without question and in their own private room were found bowed in devotion, expressing their gratefulness to God for the good work which they had done."

Perhaps it is a new type of missionary we are developing today, as he carries our message to the world. His fine personality, his educational preparation, his deep sincerity, his frankness, his love of the right, soon brings forth the question from the investigator, "you have something I want, there is something in your life that deeply impresses me, won't you tell me about it?" Then comes forward from the young missionary, the story of the divine mission of Joseph Smith and his teachings, the plan of God unto salvation.

FELLOW M. I. A. workers, we must hear the call of youth, asking for responsibilities, challenging adult life with an appeal for worthwhile problems to be solved and projects to be accomplished. They want some means for self-expression, devotion to a goal and the satisfaction of association with others.

May I suggest then the following, *through our own M. I. A.* organization. Would it not be helpful to both youth and our movement. First: let us bring one-third of our leadership from the ranks of our own worthy young people. Second: let us create situations in which we can definitely challenge their creative thinking and action. Third: let us go forward with worthwhile mass projects; our great Music Festival, this year, is an outstanding example, with thirty-two hundred uniting in a glorious accomplishment. We need more of these events. Fourth: let us build fine recreational centers. This in a number of our stakes has met a real need, brought hundreds of youth into action and developed in their hearts real satisfactions. Somewhere in your

(*Continued on page* 497)

## *Frontispiece*

*By ALICE MERRILL HORNE*

*VERLA BIRRELL, the accomplished young painter, whose picturesque "Old Barn in Holladay" is reproduced as frontispiece for the August "Era" has already tasted the extremes of life's emotions—love, happiness, and death. Out of a delightful home life, as Verla emerging into womanhood, at the time when she most needed her rich companionship her mother was snatched away.*

*Lovable, generous, self-sacrificing, strong, serene, happy, her paintings reflect those inmost qualities. She revels in the out of doors, and seizes upon nature's strong color patterns which always become the center around which she creates her water colors. Bigness and openness show in her art expression. For one so young she has experienced a wealth of subjects: Born in view of Mt. Ranier, reveling in the varying color shades of the Sound on the banks between Victoria and Seattle; living near the rushing Williamette and in the quieting forest covered hills around Portland; enjoying the deep flowery green banked Columbia River; and later on basking in sunshine in the heart of the desert, living under the shadow of the Wasatch Mountains in the giant Rockies, it seems that she has been prepared to become a painter of unusual breadth.*

*She has painted on the Atlantic coast, attended art schools in New York and Chicago, and Los Angeles and in many travels has visited art galleries both east and west. Miss Birrell's picture here reproduced is of brilliant color pattern; the deep blue of sky, the warmth of color of the old barn combine to create a vigorous and colorful production.*

# The Glorious Possibilities for Us of the Religious Crisis

*By*

Joseph F. Smith

*of the Y. M. M. I. A.*

*General Board*

*(Talk given at M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1934)*

*"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"*

Again I ask:

*"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"*

IN hurling that challenge at you M. I. A. leaders let it be clearly understood during the time I address you that I am not reading into that question any thought of the resurrection or of events subsequent thereto.

In salvation hereafter I am not in the least interested this morning save in the degree that it is an inevitable result of salvation here.

Since whatever comes after this life does so inexorably—according to the immutable laws of cause and effect under God's love—I am compelled to focus my attention—not on inexorable results but on contributing causes over which I may be presumed to exercise some control. The doctrine of eternal salvation has in many cases given rise to pernicious preaching which in turn has resulted in more pernicious practice. Not for one instant can anyone suppose that from this pulpit I mean to derogate the doctrine of eternal salvation. What do I mean, then, by stating emphatically that the doctrine has given rise to some pernicious practice? Let us see.

Human concern about a given thing tends to be inversely proportional as the thing is remote, or stated differently we care about things in the degree that we are immediately concerned with them. Today's bread and cheese are immediate concerns. Next year's souffle and truffles worry us little. Scarlet fever in the next block may not worry us as much as measles next door. Failure of arms parleys in Europe may arouse no more than casual comment here while failure of settling irrigation difficulties on our own farms may result in murder and suicide. Yet who is to say that the scarlet fever and the limitation of armaments are not far graver—ultimately? Even *apparent* remoteness makes for lack of attention and tends to lull us into false security. A sense of remoteness is the greatest ally of procrastination. Preaching which fixes attention only on a remote hereafter is pernicious preaching and subsequent practice given to procrastination is pernicious practice, and salvation is never and can never be gained thereby!

Whoever heard of a research scientist in his laboratory focusing all his attention on the result of the experiment the while he is performing it? He fixes his entire attention on the immediate technic—the causes over which he exerts control—and the result, whatever it is, depending on his performance, inexorably follows. Let him for but a moment wander from the *immediate* thing in hand and he may lose the very end he is so desirous of attaining.

No, salvation is never achieved by spending one's time with most attention fixed on the hereafter; salvation is attained by fixing one's attention on and pursuing the *immediate technic* requisite for salvation. Hence I am here not thinking in terms of the resurrection or of events subsequent thereto, yet I repeat, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world yet lose his own soul?" Here is an implicit challenge which Latter-day Saints—old and young—must meet. We cannot put it off until tomorrow or next week. You and I must meet it now, you and I must meet it as we go our several ways from here; you and I must meet it every living moment until the thing we call death ushers us to that seemingly remote beyond about which we prate so much and do so little.

Well, what is the answer?

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment." But it pales before the immediately pressing needs of food and raiment and taxes. Jesus of Nazareth—who also was God incarnate, remember—knew this when he said to Peter—who, with the best intentions and the most earnest desire to love God, was yet concerned about his nets and fishes, even as you and I—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" and Peter said "Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," and Christ replied, "Feed my sheep." He said unto Peter the second and yet the third time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" and Peter, vexed at the iteration said, "Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," and Jesus replied yet again, "Feed my sheep." "Feed my sheep!" There was exact technic. There was loving God made present and concrete. No remoteness about that! That had to do with Peter's world of fish and nets and men. That was religion of God the Father made clear and beautiful and challenging through God the Son.

But 1900 years have intervened since Golgotha's cross terminated the earthly ministry of the Son of God. Little more than 300 years had passed before the Savior's ministry had become so remote that priests were merely preaching about it and building ritual upon it and doing nothing to make life richer or happier, and doing it very pompously.

WHEN God restored his Gospel he did it through Joseph Smith and presented it so that it would concretely apply to Joseph Smith's world. The great genius of the Mormon Prophet was to make the gospel function in men's

lives. No items in social relations were too trivial for his attention. Anything that was of concern to human beings was important enough to have the gospel interpreted in the light of it and applied to it. Feed my sheep—still the fundamental principle of the gospel, was reinterpreted for this generation. The very genius of Mormonism is its interpreting truth for immediate human welfare and the supplying of technics for making the interpretations practicable. This is the essence of revelation: to interpret truth in terms of present world conditions for the immediate benefit of mankind. Remember that, M. I. A. leaders: the interpreting of truth for the welfare of mankind is the business of revelation. Truth must forever receive fresh interpretation. Widening horizons require frequent reorientation. What was adequate for Moses' time was not adequate for Christ's, what was adequate for the Prophet Joseph's time is not adequate for ours, and our grandchildren's world will find our interpretations inadequate. Their world will have so changed that fundamental truth in order to function for their benefit will have to be interpreted in light of their needs and problems. That is the business, brothers and sisters, of the Gospel. Even more, that is the beauty of the Gospel.

Note that we said fundamental truth—not ultimate truth. If we believe that God will yet reveal "many great and important things" must we not conclude that ultimate truth is unattainable else eternal progression is impossible? We go along gathering facts; but one of our chief difficulties is our failure to recognize that facts are but the external manifestations of truth. As soon as we begin accepting the manifestation as the thing itself we are become idolaters and we have shut ourselves off from the further operation of truth. We have become static. To illustrate we need only call attention to the savage worshiping the sun. He did not progress until he recognized the fact that the sun's power was but a manifestation of God's power—not God himself. I knew a woman who was—I was going to say converted, but I will say baptized—because she had witnessed a healing. For a number of years she was very devout and very devoted. One day she saw a missionary go into a movie theatre. She summarily apostatized and became a bitter enemy to the Church because one of its emissaries had visited a movie theatre—one of the devil's strongholds in her opinion. What was her trouble? She was an idolater. She was worshiping a fact. Healing to her was the whole Gospel and power of God instead of a principle of the Gospel and a manifestation of the power of God. O, brothers and sisters, to see clearly! To see clearly!

A MOST effective way to lose one's soul is to become static, to lose the spirit of discernment, to lose the ability to distinguish between the manifestation of truth and truth itself. How far would one get in electrical engineering if he worked upon the theory that the incandescence in the light bulb or the noise in the electric bell, or the speed of the electric motor is electricity?

All this is to say that recognition of truth is the first essential toward saving one's soul and that making fetishes of special observances is stultifying. I was told this week of a good sister who roundly condemned a boy as wicked because he smoked, the while she stirred her tea. Indeed she punctuated her denunciation with her tea spoon! Oh, to see clearly—if only for a very little way. That is the first step in saving one's soul.

THE COLORADO BELOW BOULDER DAM

Truth is a spiritual thing. Today's world is concerned with spiritual things as never before.

We are just emerging, or at least, are hopeful of emerging from a mess which was the result of a philosophy devoid of spirit, a highly mechanistic philosophy—a philosophy of wheels and gears and efficiency experts. Under its aegis, the mechanics of industry progressed by leaps and bounds because the majority of men gave it their whole attention. The sociology, the human equation, or better still, the religion of industry was almost totally neglected until in 1929 a great mechanistic structure—too heavy for its foundations—came tumbling about our ears, resulting in the travesty of thousands starving in the midst of plenty. And why? Because men had failed to interpret for our time the Savior's injunction, "Feed my sheep." If and when we emerge from the wreck we shall perforce do it through a gospel technic. There is a challenge for you and me. There are things crying to be done. Reconstruction on sound sociological and humanitarian bases calls for the best effort within us. A brighter new day cannot be brought about by bigger and better mechanics, merely. We are dealing with human beings, with eternal souls and their present salvation. It is futile to sit around with Mr. Scott waiting for a technocratic hen to lay a golden erg. Many worthwhile projects aimed at the salvation of souls could be carried through to successful conclusion the while we talk about things in our various organizations.

For instance, how any local bodies of L. D. S. men holding the Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God can sit in quorum meetings and wrangle about minor points of doctrine the while there are in their community human suffering and bleeding hearts and then have the temerity to sue for divine approval of their futile quibblings is a tragic anomaly.

Feed my sheep!

HERE are we, a band of M. I. A. leaders to whom has been given by God's prophet the responsibility of guiding young men and women in worthy leisure pursuits. We

(Continued on page 495)

# The Religious Crisis of Today

*By* Elsie Talmage Brandley

*of the Y. W. M. I. A. General Board*

*(Talk given at M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1934)*

THIS is a gathering of the leaders of youth—Latter-day Saint youth—and in the presence of you who give so generously of yourselves I stand in sincere tribute. Yours is the gift of which the poet might have been speaking when he said, "Who gives himself with his gift feeds three—himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

I am glad and thankful to be living today and in my own particular generation—the middle generation of three now working in M. I. A.—for we have an older, more experienced one to lead us with their wisdom and a younger one to fire us with enthusiasm and energy. We have both of these to help in guiding us past our own individual problems into the almost frightening ones of a new day. To deny the fact that we are facing a new day is to close our eyes to the world about us; to prove ourselves blind and deaf to sights and sounds so significant that an intelligent mind not only must admit them but must integrate them into the shifting, colorful pattern which is life just ahead. With the passing of every generation emphases shift, certain problems give way to others, answers change with the changing times. In view of the amazing progress and drastic change of the past century it is easy to see something of the reasons why problems have become more acute and less easily soluble by old methods of discipline and pronouncement.

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints change has kept pace with that outside the Church, and rightly so, for Mormonism is based on a foundation of modern revelation and therefore has greater right to change, under authoritative direction, than have many other existing organizations. Changes have come and will continue to come in traditions, observances, methods. The Lord, we are told in the first section of the Doctrine and Covenants, spake to his servants after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding. Is it irreverent or sacrilegious to conclude that with deeper understanding language might become increasingly explicit or profound?

Of some things we are sure; to certain rooted principles we cling. As Latter-day Saints we accept the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth; we believe implicitly in the restored Gospel as given through the Prophet Joseph Smith; we regard the General Authorities of the Church as being divinely commissioned to speak in the name of God and bear testimony to the Godship of Christ; we accept the standard works of the Church as authoritative utterances given for the spiritual guidance of man upon the earth. A party of geologists, crossing a loose shale deposit on a steep incline realized that the shale was slipping. Most of the party reached the opposite side of the hill in safety, but one, bringing up the rear, saw that the sliding rock was carrying him in its glacier-like grip toward a declivity which might mean death. Looking ahead he saw in his path a trunk of an old tree, and recognized there a chance of safety. Reaching the stump, grasping it and clinging grimly, he was able to hold on while the entire deposit of loose shale passed. His knowledge of the stability of a tree to remain firmly rooted in spite of shifting surface rock gave him assurance; he could face apparent disaster clinging to that which was thus rooted. To the fundamental roots of Church belief we cling; to them we anchor our faith; in them we believe. Differences which may arise between groups and individuals are not based upon these roots. Outside of this which is basic, opinions may diverge. As leaders, let us examine possible evidences of differences and reasons for them, if they exist; and try to glimpse a possible solution.

Consider again the many new ways of life which are today presenting themselves for understanding and incorporation into a new system—politics, economics, technology, science, education, social welfare, recreation—innumerable others. Any occasional misunderstanding between youth and maturity might be one chiefly of orientation—of finding orbits in the new system. Maturity goes hand in hand with youth in meeting most of the changes in fields of invention, of discovery, of scientific advancement, or recreation and vocational training and of many new applications of accepted religious truth. If they part at a gate through which youth demands the right to pass and at which maturity hesitates, is it not, perhaps, because youth ever was curious and daring and inquiring, while age, having made its own ventures, longs for security?

Parents and leaders provide and administer education and education teaches youth to explore, to experiment, to try new ways and find new paths. Is it consistent to resent what is found in these educational journeys? Do we strive to discover how far we leaders and parents might be lagging behind youth, instead of trying to measure how far they are getting away from us?

IN the religious situation confronting us today the world finds old conditions inadequate. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is having no more and perhaps much less difficulty in making religious adjustment than are others, but it is no longer possible for the Church to remain apart from the world. In their reading, their studies, their observations and their contacts, youth makes discoveries which to them seem new. When such discoveries appear to threaten time-honored religious

traditions of their elders, concern inevitably is aroused.

The situation is not new in this age nor in this Church; people ever have held dear their religious beliefs and practices, major and minor, and have resented innovations which have endangered them. Five centuries ago Columbus was refused help in his attempt to prove the earth round because the Bible had spoken of the four corners of the earth and a sphere could not have four corners. Five years ago a woman insisted upon her daughter refusing an anaesthetic in childbirth on the grounds that the Bible had said that a woman should bring forth her children in sorrow and suffering.

We must not, now and in the latter days and especially in the Church of Jesus Christ, make the Word of God grounds for unnecessary misunderstanding. Quoting from the statement of a late member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles:

"Let us not try to wrest from the scriptures in an attempt to explain away what we cannot explain. The opening chapters of Genesis and scriptures related thereto were never intended as a textbook of geology, archaeology, earth-science or man-science; Holy Scripture will endure, while the conceptions of men change with new discoveries. We do not show reverence for the scriptures when we misapply them through faulty interpretation."*

According to my belief, to know the fundamental truths of the Gospel is to leave one free to go far and wide, anchored by that knowledge, in search of all else that earth and sea and skies have to teach. Instead of making religious truths a bone of contention and source of differences, should we not, as leaders and individuals, try to make them a means of bringing order and harmony out of apparent confusion?

One of the influences bringing about a new day, an influence vital in its importance is that of reading, but one of today's shale deposits is uncritical reading. Study of the printed page must be analytical or it becomes either meaningless or too powerful—both dangerous conditions. I quote at random a line or two from various sources to remind you of what youth reads day by day—week by week—and ask: Could we have lived on such a diet of reading matter before our own ideas were defined clearly and established firmly, and remained uninfluenced? Must we not admit that forces surrounding youth today are more potent in encouraging them to question than were forces yesterday?

Robert Morse Lovett, in *Current History* for January, 1934, describing the Fair at Chicago, says:

"Evidences were abundant of the achievements of science—telephone, radio, television, airplane—but where was the evidence of the larger life of mankind, or promise of it? Disappointment was especially acute when people went to the halls of Social Science and Religion. The exhibits in the last two suggested a troubled doubt as to the meaning, reality and future of progress toward a larger life. * * * Throughout the fair comments on every hand were heard to the effect that modern improvements had mechanized life, but had failed to enrich values of living."

Albert Edward Bailey in the *Christian Century* for January 24, 1934, presents an imaginary dialogue between the architect of a new church and a dreamer who has ideas of what a church should be. The dreamer says:

" 'See if you cannot find somewhere in the structure places for meditation—I see them as pathways to God. Take, for example, the pathways of service * * * with statuettes illustrating the parable of the Good Samaritan, wall frescoes showing Lincoln emancipating the slaves; the first use of anaesthesia, Howard and prison reform; a Carnegie library; Jane Addams and Hull House * * The architect replies, 'This dream of yours means scrapping many of the old ideas and practices; I doubt you'll ever get the church as a whole to accept them,' and the dreamer answers, 'Well, aren't we in the midst of a social revolution of first magnitude? Why shouldn't the church do a little revolutionizing * * if it would * * bring the kingdom of God a little nearer?' "

Glenn Frank, in "The Will to Doubt," says:

"The will to believe has given us our great saints; the will to doubt has given us our great scientists. The goal of the intelligent man is a character in which the will to believe of the saint and the will to doubt of the scientist meet and mingle. Neither alone makes a whole man. A merely blind faith gives us a soft saint; a merely blind doubt gives us a hard scientist. Humanity owes much to the saint and much to the scientist, but humanity would fare badly if the world were peopled solely by saints with a blind faith or by scientists with a blind doubt. Modern science is modest. It suspends judgment when it does not know. In all other fields—religion, politics and so on—we must learn to do likewise. We must act in the light of the best we know at any given moment, but we must be willing to hold our beliefs open to revision in the light of new facts. Thus can we combine saint and scientist."

WITH thinkers such as these urging youth to question, why should they not? Mature leadership cannot afford to remain apart, aloof, waiting at a gate for youth to return from their explorations. We, the leadership of the M. I. A. must go with them and learn what they learn and see what they see. A young man of M. I. A. prominence, asking his father a question, received answer: "I never want to hear you speak of such things again in my presence." This man refused to pass through the gate of inquiry with his son and his power of leading the boy was lost. Leaders in M. I. A. must not lose their contacts through such an attitude! Youth must ask in order to find answers; youth must analyze and harmonize. Their very eagerness to do so is indicative of their interest; indifferent passiveness would be death, but this intensity is life. Youth must be converted personally; only on the strength of a converted youth can this Church realize its high and glorious destiny.

On the other hand, youth must admit the fact that it accepts much without criticism and doubt; fruit is eaten without knowing botany; stars are loved in ignorance of astronomy; telegrams are sent with no knowledge of the Morse code; love and friendship, home and books and nature become dear and of great value with little attempt to explain technical reasons. Let us not encourage youth to segregate religion as the only phase of life upon which to concentrate doubtful inquiry; let us help them to see that they accept certain conditions with no stronger proof of their doing so than that they provide joy and hope and faith and courage; can they not accept religion, up to a certain point with the same composure?

Quoting again from the "Earth and Man" let us realize that:

"It is natural for the young and immature mind to think that what to it is new must of necessity be new to the world. Comparatively inexperienced students are discovering from time to time apparent discrepancies between the faith of their fathers and the development of modern thought, and these they are apt to magnify and exaggerate, when as a matter of fact their great grandfathers met the same seeming difficulties and yet survived. Believe not those who assert that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is in any way opposed to progress or inconsistent with advancement." (*Continued on page* 496)

*"The Earth and Man," by James E. Talmage. Published by the Church in 1931.

# COURAGE »

*Illustration by Cornelius Vanderende*

"GET OUT — GET OUT BEFORE I CRACK YOUR SKULL WITH THIS CANE —GET OUT."

## By A. M. CHAMBERS

*Old Jake knew how to make and keep money— Victor, his grandson, would not be overawed.*

OPPOSITION was a novelty to old Jake Rholler, wizened little keen-eyed amasser of millions. "Yes, you're entitled to a man's privileges—when you know how to handle them," Old Jake replied to Victor Rholler's question. The old man saw fire in his grandson's eyes, red in his cheeks. He saw his own son, Victor's father, long since dead, in this boy—the same bullheadedness—stubbornness that would have to be eliminated. "You're an ungrateful whelp, just like your father was. But he learned to do as he was told. Then he got somewhere. Well, you'll do as you're told, too, and you'll thank me some day, when you come to your senses. I've—."

"Sir," interrupted Victor, "I—"

"Shut up—I'm talking—you later." The seventy-eight-year-old grey eyes were narrowed to slits, and Old Jake continued. "I've sent you to college; I've put you in the business; you have an allowance; I've arranged for you to become acquainted with Laura Richter. Why, you'll tie up old Ben Ritcher's wealth with the Rholler capital. It will about double it. And you want privileges! Boy, you're crazy. Maybe I'm making a big mistake in taking so much interest in you. What would you do, if I cut out your allowance? Where could you get a job as assistant manager of a company like the Rholler Stock Company?" The old man banged a bony first on a huge black walnut table in his study, and his voice rose in squeaky volume. "I tell you, you're crazy, you unappreciative young fool." His hands trembled and his whole frame seemed to quiver. The squeak rose higher, and the old grey eyes stared. "Get out—get out before I crack your skull with this cane—get out." The cane wavered menacingly in the air. "Get out."

Victor Rholler sat calmly watching his grandfather. Natural ruddy color had spread out the angry red in his face and he smiled at the old man's efforts. "Can I have a word, Granddad? It'll only take a minute; then I'll go—you won't be bothered with me again."

"What'd' you want?" growled old Jake.

"Well, I want to thank you for all you've done for me—school and job, allowance—a home—everything."

"Yeh," grunted Jake, "you all thank me—all of you—nieces, cousins, nephews—a bunch of cheer leaders—well, go on, what is the rest of it?"

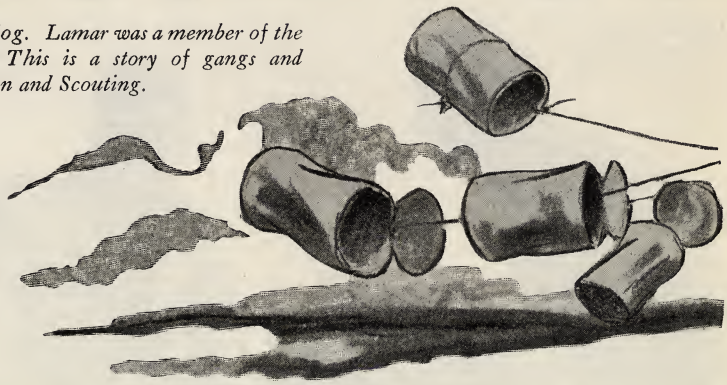
"Well," resumed Vic, "I'm twenty-four years old, and I'm going to marry June Clyndon to-

(*Continued on page* 501)

# RUFF

By CAPTAIN TRUE BANHEARDT HARMSEN

*Ruff was a dog. Lamar was a member of the gashouse gang. This is a story of gangs and dogs and wise men and Scouting.*



AFTER school, the gashouse gang congregated, as usual, near the railroad tracks and Lincoln Street on a vacant lot. Automobiles roared along the street—a state highway which went through the city. A train whistled a warning as it neared a crossing. A few trees along the street were bursting into leaf, and the spring air was soft and warm.

Lamar Smith, thirteen year old "gangster," snapped his fingers, and made whining noises in his throat. A part-collie dog eyed the gang of boys distrustfully, then grinned and wagged its tail. Kneeling, Lamar hugged the animal, which pushed its muzzle into the hollow under his arm.

"All right!" He looked at the gang leader, Butch Randolph. "We've been trying to get this stray dog for a month, here's our chance. Tie the cans to his tail." His flashing white teeth accentuated the sparkle of excitement in his blue eyes. "I can't hold him all day. In a minute, he'll get wise he's being two-timed."

Approaching warily, Butch slipped a small rope under the wagging bushy tail, and said, "How's a dog going to figure he's being two-timed when he doesn't even know there is such a word?"

"Just the same, he thinks I'm a friend. When he finds out different, we better all go places in a hurry. This is a smart dog."

"Smart!" snorted one of the gang. "If he had any sense, he wouldn't let us tie these cans on his tail. Boy! He'll look like Haley's comet when he tears up the street with this string of tin cans chasing him."

Butch knotted the rope, and Lamar stood up. The dog eyed him, still grinning, then moved, and the rope tightened on his tail. Quick as a flash, the collie whirled and snapped. The tin cans banged against his jaws and legs, and he sprang back, snarling.

A big sedan skidded to a stop at the curb, and a man leaped out, shouting. All the boys ran, except Lamar, who watched the howling dog dash toward the railroad crossing, the cans bumping and banging.

THE crossing guards were across the street, and the cars were lining up. The automatic signal was swinging, and ringing its warning of an approaching train. But the frightened animal went under the guards and dashed against the crossing watchman, who sprawled among the crashing tin cans. Lamar threw up an arm and covered his eyes as he saw a snorting locomotive bearing down upon the struggling pair.

The train thundered by. Lamar Smith lowered his arm. The dog and the watchman were tangled together. A huge, blue-coated policeman helped the raging man to his feet.

Lamar ran to the dog and knelt at his side. It whined, looked up helplessly, and licked his hand. Seeing the twisted, dish-rag appearance of both front legs, he guessed that they were broken. A lump rose up in his throat, and his chest felt tight. His hands trembled while he unfastened the rope from the collie's tail.

Then a hand grasped his shoulder roughly, and he was jerked to his feet by the big policeman.

"I saw him!" the hysterical crossing watchman shouted. "Officer, arrest him! He tin-canned that dog. Didn't mean any harm! No! Maybe he doesn't know good intentions pave the way to hell? The dog's two front legs are broken—he'll have to be shot. I almost got killed, too!"

A sudden empty dizziness attacked Lamar's stomach. He knew that the gang had intended only to have a little fun. No harm had been meant, yet disaster had followed. What if the railroad employee had failed to roll clear of the rails? The locomotive's giant drive wheels would have ground the life out of the veteran watchman.

Hot tears streamed down the boy's face.

"Sorry, now, aren't you?" said the officer. "Yeah—sorry you're caught. I'll just take you to the

ALL THE BOYS RAN, EXCEPT LAMAR, WHO WATCHED THE HOWLING DOG DASH TOWARD THE RAILROAD CROSSING, THE CANS BUMPING AND BANGING.

Sergeant. But before we go—." The man drew his big service revolver.

It seemed as though the animal sensed death, for he flattened his ears, and snarled and howled.

"Just a minute, please," a commanding voice insisted, and a well dressed man, nearly as large as the six-foot policeman, pushed the pistol aside. "I saw the whole affair. You may release this boy to me."

"No, you don't!" roared the watchman. "I saw that bunch of kids—."

"Pipe down!" insisted the policeman. "This is Judge Howard Jones."

The stern-faced Judge turned to the boy. "Bring your dog," he said, "and come with me."

THE railroad man raised the crossing guards, and the officer waved the stopped automobiles on their way, then put the dog in the rear of the Judge's big sedan, which had stopped at the curb just before the accident. Judge Jones started the car, and beckoned to Lamar, who climbed in beside him. The policeman stood back, and touched his cap in salute.

The Superior Court Judge guided the car through traffic, and covertly studied the offending youth. "Almost got into trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir." The anxious boy swallowed hard. "I did not mean to, though."

"The only thing that counts in life is results." The man turned his attention back to the traffic lights. Then: "I'm president of the local council, Boy Scouts of America. I own that patch of woods south of town—down there this afternoon choosing a place to build a scout camp. I was on my way back home when I saw you and that gang of boys tying the cans to the dog's tail. I tried to be in time to stop you, but I was only in time to help you out of what could have developed into serious trouble. Even now, I wouldn't help you, but I figure you didn't mean to cause any harm. Why do you boys gang up like that?"

Lamar gulped and swallowed. "Well, we like to play, and—and —and we do, I guess."

"Hummmm," mused the Judge. "You seem like a pretty good boy. How would you like to meet a bunch of real boys—I mean, boys who are becoming valuable citizens?"

"I'd like it all right. Where are they?"

"This is Tuesday. Only troop of scouts meeting tonight, is the L. D. S. Scouts.

"Is that a church?"

"Why, yes—."

"Then they won't have anything to do with my kind," the boy interrupted bitterly. "Below the tracks, we haven't nice clothes, and our folks are poor, and we have to have our gangs to have any fun. When one of us goes above the tracks, the cops send us home—if we haven't a darn good reason for being there. They call us the gashouse toughs."

"Son," said Judge Jones thoughtfully. "Your kind needs scouting more than any other. Scouting was invented for boys in just your fix. The Mutual Improvement Association of the Latter-day Saints advocates boy scout work as part of their program, and they have some of the best leaders in the scout movement. They'll be glad to have you. It's after six now, and they meet at seven-thirty. I guess the dog won't find the going too rough until then."

LAMAR SMITH felt like a new person late that evening when Judge Jones took him home in his big sedan. The Judge had introduced him to scouting at the L. D. S. Church, and he had watched with keen interest while two first class scouts placed the dog's broken legs in splints, and made him comfortable by the church furnace. Boys volunteered to come each day and care for the animal, which they named Ruff. Then Lamar was asked to become a member of the troop.

"But I don't belong to your church," he said, hopefully.

"That doesn't matter," said one of the patrol leaders. "If you are twelve years old, and your heart is in the right place—and you have

the necessary fifty cents for membership dues."

"I'm almost fourteen, but I haven't the fifty cents."

Judge Jones solved the money angle by telephoning a friend who owned a grocery store, who hired Lamar upon the recommendation of the jurist, to help after school and on Saturday—payment to be two dollars a week.

In preparation for the Tenderfoot examination, he learned the Scout Oath:

"On my honor I will do my best: To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

LAMAR said nothing about his job in the grocery store, but the gang found it out, and waited for him one evening.

"How about glomin' some groceries?" said Butch.

"I can't do that!" Lamar protested. "They trust me, and I won't double-cross them."

"Getting snooty since you got a gilt badge and joined the Mormon boy scouts, aren't you? The scouts are all right, but I'm not going to any church to belong to them."

"There's more fun in the scouts than we ever had in the gang," insisted the youth. "You learn things, too."

"Yeah? What? How to give your old friends the double ex?"

"Things that might come in handy some day—like first aid. And I'm not double-crossing you. A scout is honest. I'm a scout. And—."

"And that makes you honest, doesn't it, sissy?"

After that, the gang taunted him at every opportunity. Lamar tried to smile and bear it, but it was hard seeing all his old friends turn against him, yet he was firm in his resolve to be a good scout. His own conscience told him that he was doing right. And, after all, if a man is at peace with himself, what else matters? But it hurt to be branded a traitor, to swallow his pride and take the insults heaped upon him, but he had been one of them, understood their viewpoint, so he did not hold anything against them, and persisted in being friendly toward them.

SIX weeks after being put in splints, Ruff's legs were pronounced whole by the county doctor who had been interested in the case by the Judge, and Lamar took him home.

The next evening, after work, Lamar met the gang about a block from his home. They were shouting and throwing rocks at Ruff who was trapped behind a bush in a fence corner.

Butch ripped a picket from the fence, and poked at the snarling animal. It snapped at the stick, and a shower of stones and sticks fell about it as the gang closed in.

Lamar ran in first, and threw his arms around the desperate animal. It ceased its struggles, and the boy hugged it to him. Then a sharp blow stung his face. He looked around, and saw Butch threatening him.

The older boy glowered, his fists working slowly in and out. "Get away—get away—."

Glancing around the circle of angry faces, Lamar was greeted with crys of: "Beat up the sissy! Kill the dog!"

Scratching the dog's ears, he saw that the gang was ready, hands uplifted, rocks and sticks poised. Then he leaped, suddenly, and drove his head deep into Butch's stomach. The boy staggered, recovered his balance, then lashed out with balled fists. The younger boy knew that he could not whip Butch, who was a head taller and outweighed him by forty pounds, yet he hung on, hoping the dog might get away.

His adversary landed blow after blow with telling effect. Lamar's nose felt large as a house, his ears were ringing. One eye puffed shut. Finally, all he could see were blotches of light, whirling round and round. Then everything went black.

When he regained consciousness, his whole body ached, and he was lying in the gutter. Butch was standing over him.

"You're big and tough and mean," Lamar managed through puffy sore lips, "but I am not whipped. And you better leave my dog alone."

"Is that what you were fighting about? I thought you had finally got sore at what we been saying about you."

"Names won't hurt me," the battered youth retorted with conviction. "But you leave my dog alone."

"Love me, love my dog, huh?" Butch grinned, and turned on his heel. "Where's Ruff?" His voice seemed shaky and husky.

"We had to hold him off you," a voice answered. "Here he is." The snarling animal lunged, and was jerked back.

Butch pointed at one of the boys. "Jim, help me carry Lamar home."

"After this fight."

"Sure. Why not?"

"But he's our enemy."

"Yes, but he's our favorite enemy. Lend us a hand. And furthermore, we'll all lay off this dog—see!"

THROUGH the summer, Lamar had worked hard for advance-

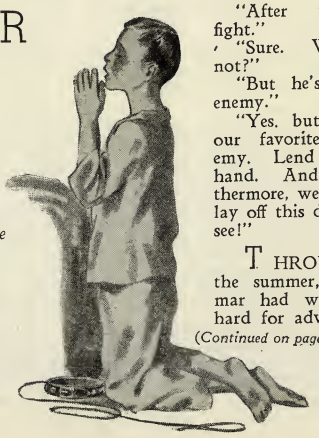
(Continued on page 506)

# A BOY'S PRAYER

*By EDITH CHERRINGTON*

*DEAR God;*
*If you should hear a bark*
*Outside the pearly gates*
*You'll know it's only Towser, God,*
*For Towser always waits*
*Outside the door for me to come.*
*When he holds up his paw*
*He's hungry, God, and would you please*
*Give him a bone to gnaw?*

*If you would place beside the gate*
*An angel's tattered shawl,*
*He'd sleep out there until I come—*
*He wouldn't mind at all.*
*I'd like to have him wait outside,*
*He'd hear me whistle—then—*
*And run to me—and lick my hand—*
*I—miss him—God—Amen.*



# Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

PART II

WE had a quick passage across the sea, being only twenty-eight days from Liverpool to New York, which was considered at that time a good quick passage. Of course, we were all in the steerage with several hundred other steerage passengers, mostly Irish. I have little recollection of the inconveniences that must have been experienced, except that a certain storm had been encountered which made the sea very rough, so much so that most of the people thought that we were going to the bottom and the cries and prayers and curses of those wild Irish people are still well remembered.

Landing at New York we took train for Providence, Rhode Island and from there, eight miles out in the country we located at my aunt's place of residence, a little village called Greenville, where my father, my two sisters and elder brother, James, soon got work in the woolen mills there. They made fair wages and every penny was scrupulously and frugally, almost stingily, taken care of and tolled out, that is, as much of it as had to be tolled out, to exist upon. There was no branch of the Church in that neighborhood, none nearer than Boston, I think. For the five years we lived in Rhode Island we never attended a Latter-day Saint church. We children attended services mostly at the Baptist Church and so I forgot all about Mormons and Mormonism. I attended a little village school for a season or two which was practically all the schooling I ever had. At nine years of age I was at work in the woolen mill tending "bobbins" as they called it, some light work for a boy of my size and years. Our relatives in Rhode Island were Roman Catholics and we had little in common with them, although they were kindly disposed towards us.

We were all pretty steadily at work during those five years except in the panic of 1857, when most of the mills in that section were shut down for a part of the year.

By the spring of 1860 my ever thrifty and prudent mother must have had saved away some two or three thousand dollars. There was nothing but war talk in the United States that spring and lest my father and older brother should be drafted into the war which was just then beginning, it was thought that we had better pack up with what means we had and start for the west rather than wait longer to try and accumulate any more. Accordingly we auctioned off our belongings in the month of May, 1860, and started for the west. We first went to Boston where we joined a company of emigrating saints, from Boston to Albany, New York, then up the Mohawk Valley over the present New York Central Railroad route to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and on the Michigan Central Railroad through Canada and Detroit to Chicago. From Chicago we traveled by rail to Hannibal, thence on to St. Joseph on the Missouri River. That was the farthest west that any railroad had extended in 1860. At St. Joseph we took the boat up the river to a place called Florence which is six miles above Omaha.

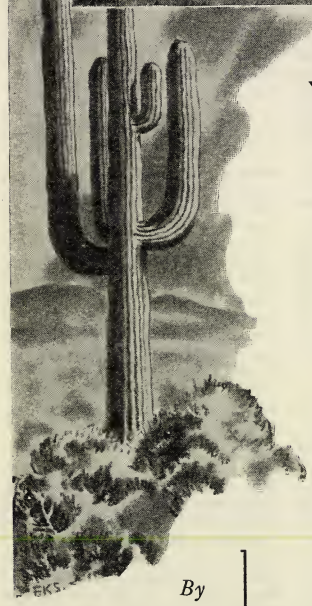
HERE we met large numbers of emigrating saints congregating there and outfitting for the travel across the plains. It was here that I first began to get the least insight into Mormonism and Mormon methods. Meetings were held regularly, hymns sung everywhere and oft and the religious enthusiasm and spirit of the people were entirely different from what we had left behind in the east. A great number of the emigrating saints were assisted by the Church through the perpetual emigrating fund, but luckily we were rich enough to buy an outfit of our own and travel in what was called the "Independent Company." The family of Thomas D. Dee, who was then a boy of fourteen, was in the same company. J. D. Ross was the captain of the company. George Q. Cannon was in charge of the emigration and was there at Florence buying cattle, wagons and supplies for the emigrating saints. I think in June we first saw Apostles Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich and a young boy who was not then an apostle, Joseph F. Smith by name, who were on their way to fill missions in Europe.

Our outfit consisted of a brand new Schettler wagon, two yoke of oxen and two cows. We had a new Charter Oak stove in the wagon and our tent, bedding, provisions, etc.

We camped at Florence for nearly a month, as I remember. We lived in an old shack of a house during that time which was just enough shelter to keep some of the rain from wetting us. The house was located right where the reservoirs of the present water works are which supply the city of Omaha with water, the same being pumped out of the Missouri River into these reservoirs and filtered. I find from Jenson's Church Chronology that our company left Florence, Nebraska, June 17, 1860, and arrived in Salt Lake City on Monday, September 3rd. The company consisted of 249 persons, 36 wagons, 142 oxen and 54 cows.

Our journey across the plains was of the usual ox team kind. There was little of special note that transpired. On the 4th of July we were near where the city of Kearney now stands and we heard the artillery from across the river at old Fort Kearney. This is about 200 miles from Omaha. We traveled about 90 miles a week which was an average of 15 miles a day for six days a week. No traveling was done on the Sabbath. It was always a day of rest and religious

(*Continued on page* 501)



# THE WEST

*I AM the Past.*
*My hills are eternal.*
*My meadows have bloomed for centuries and slept,*
*And bloomed again.*
*Trails of shifting sand and sagebrush*
*Lead back over the hills of yester-year—*
*Back to the dim Beginning of Things.*

*I am the Present.*
*Eager life flows in my veins.*
*I am aglow with Sun and Moon and Stars!*
*The Sea is my companion, and the Wind!*
*My veins are of Gold!*
*Rushing waters are my voice,*
*And Humanity, my throbbing pulse.*

*I am the Future.*
*The trail leads on—and on—and on.*
*I thrill to the lure of unseen ways*
*That stretch beyond Today.*
*I am the Past, the Present, the Future—*
*I am the West!*

*By*
Criste Hastings

# Let's Talk About Personality

By MILDRED BAKER

*The Master once said: "If thou wilt be perfect * * follow me." Christianity offers a "way" to carry out the suggestions made in this article.*

IN these little talks about personality, let us bear in mind that character is our potential self. Personality is what we appear to be through the manner in which we express ourselves; a display of acquired characteristics which may or may not be a true indication of our character, of what we actually are or at least what we might be, if we understood more fully how to express ourselves adequately.

When a child is ill or extremely tired, even a healthy, good-natured child, he is very apt to be cross and fretful, ill behaved or rude. That child is not really himself at such times but if he finds that his behavior induces special consideration, extra privileges, bribes and coaxing, he may continue to use it as a means of obtaining such considerations in the future. If such behavior persists over an extended period of time, the adult individual may react to every ill, fancied and real, slight and serious, in much the same childish way and ultimately become an unsocial and unadjusted person generally. His personality, now repellent, would be totally at variance with his potential self. Had his training been constructive, he would doubtless have acquired pleasant and wholly satisfactory characteristics and thus have developed a charming, well rounded personality.

Personality, then, is largely a matter of education and can be acquired if we will put forth an effort to gain that type of education which will promote the development of all those attitudes, habits and characteristics which belong to nicely balanced personalities and charming individuals.

In its various aspects, personality may find numerous outlets: mental, emotional, physical, social, moral and spiritual. We shall speak here of the mental aspect only. Subsequent articles will treat upon other phases. The mental attitude compatible with a pleasing personality would, of necessity, be constructive. So first, let's set about in our daily lives to form a constructive mental attitude. How can this be done? By persistent devotion to the cause of mental hygiene, to the ideals of right thinking. And this pertinent fact we shall do well to recognize and keep constantly in mind: "Bad habits are relinquished, only when and as they are replaced by good ones." We need then, to seek out faulty mental habits, clean house thoroughly in the store-house of our minds. Dig out those antiquated thought mechanisms. Discard that cluttered jumble of negative mental patterns and catalog and label whatever of material we find to be worthy and file it neatly away in the newly renovated chamber of our minds, to be used as building blocks in our new endeavor. So far, so good.

NOW what shall we discard, what retain? Discard fear, doubt, anxiety, worry, apprehension. Form the excellent habit of deliberation. Adopt a daily habit of seeking a moment of solitude each day. During this time, meditate calmly, quietly upon the pleasant things in life, see the fineness in others, count your blessings. Man is a gregarious animal, true, but only by the soothing contrast of solitude can one properly evaluate himself or his brothers. Only in quiet solitude can peace and tranquility transcend the seething, anxious mass of confused, troubled thoughts that frequent our minds at times. Only then are our perceptions heightened to permit us to see ourselves pass by.

If you find your mind in this condition, filled with masses of tumbled thoughts that you seem powerless to control, try the experiment of withdrawing to the quiet of your own room and focusing your attention on one thing, one pleasant thing. You'll probably find your truant thoughts reverting again and again to the confusion you are seeking to avoid. Don't let yourself be discouraged. Bring your mind back again and again to the focal point you have set up for it and you will be rewarded by finding that each time it is returned, it has a tendency to

(*Continued on page* 511)

# POETRY FOR

## *The Real Enemies*

*By Carlton Culmsee*

LET the wind sweeten
The marsh-mist in the mind
Of him who gloats because the foe was beaten.
There is more fear than joy in him; he is blind.

Let all be glad
Only because war ended.
Let us throw off the iron wherein we are clad,
All iron gear wherewith our backs are bended.

Then we can rise
Out of the murky vale
Where man fights man, and with unmisted eyes
See the real foes that bar the upward trail.

## *To a Very Young Love*

*By Rosannah Cannon*

YOU never kissed me, that I did not think,
"Some day I shall remember this with tears."
And know for such brief sweetness, I must drink
Deep bitterness in future empty years.
And so I cherished everything you said,
As children glean the last bright leaves of fall,
Knowing how soon the glory will be dead,
And gone forever * * * quite beyond recall.

The stars we walked beneath a year ago,
Seemed much the same as dot the heavens now.
Am I so altered, that I do not grow
To love this other as I loved you? How
Can you quite understand, who only know
As much of life as twenty will allow?

## *Beloved*

*By Alpha J. Taylor*

COULD I but wake and find it all a dream—
To feel once more your tender, warm embrace!
To catch again upon your face the gleam
Of glowing manhood—finest of your race!

To talk again with you of divers things—
Philosophies of wise men, long ago;
Of Omar—Plato—all those ancient kings
Whose embers yet effuse a brilliant glow.

To scale with you those intellectual heights,
With you divine the purpose of God's plan;
Then learn perchance that truth's eternal light
Though humble, is God's greatest gift to man;

To share with you your deserts great and wide,
(An inspiration you have been to me!)
To walk along life's highway by your side,
Beloved—a friend throughout eternity.

## *Aunt Sally*

*By Lucy Russell Scott*

*(Word was received from Tucson, Arizona, of the death there of Mrs. Sarah E. Russell, affectionately known as just "Aunt Sally" Russell. For many years she was a contributor to local publications, writing poems under the nom de plume "Hope.")*

YEW kin give me some bakin' sody,
Ten cents wuth o' sassy frass tea
'N some asprin tablets—
Because, y'see
Jane's bin house cleanin'
'N she's about all in.

Wish we cud all be like Aunt Sally.
She never had nuthin', much,
But some books 'n a fireplace
'N some logs built round about
Tew keep the wind 'n the weather out.
But—I wish we could all be like Aunt Sally.

## *Masquerade*

*By Alberta Huish Christensen*

OUR letters were less truthful than our eyes,
Less truthful, but more disciplined and wise.
They kept the bond to which we both agreed—
Fencing with words and playing with a jest,
Nor ever voiced that each of us had need
Of love denied because we thought it best.

And then we met! For one brief moment's space
Our eyes communed together, face to face;
And all the frail pretense we thought so strong
Became a shattered mask—forever gone.
And we both knew no trick of word or pen
Could ever reassemble it again—.

Although they were less truthful than our eyes,
Our letters were more disciplined; more wise!

## *Western Winds*

*By Cristel Hastings*

IT'S dusk along the prairie lands
And a star hangs low,
And it seems I see again
Little trails I know—
Trails that wind through burnished hills
And along some stream—
Trails that I once rode along—
(Or was it just a dream?)

Western winds are singing low
Of a tree-lined lane,
And a tiny cabin there
Laughing at the rain—
It's dusk along these prairie lands,
But a vision's bright
Of a camp-fire's dancing flame
Scattering the night!

## *With You Away*

*By William Sykes*

I FEEL so lonely sitting here;
And now and then a bitter tear
Falls from my eyes. I need you, dear,
So much today!
Each morning brings a radiant sun,
And whispers sweet, "The night is done."
Yet in my heart there is no sun
With you away.

I did not mean to hurt you so;
I'd give the world if you could know
I'm sorry now! 'Twas wrong of me
To have my way.
These lips that framed those words so plain
Are trembling now because of pain;
The words they could speak now are vain,
With you away.

If promise now were given me,
That I could have—whate'er it be—
One wish to claim; if that were mine
These words I'd pray:
That I might see you standing here
Beside my chair; that I might hear
You speak to me and say, "My dear,
I've come to stay."

## *Date Tonight*

*By Ardyth Kennelly*

I WASHED my hair with soap that smells
Like flowers,
Sat in the sunlight still as anything
Two solid hours,

And dried it, and embroidered, and I
Dreamed of you,
And did my nails rose-colored; made up
Songs, too.

And then I pressed my pale-blue dress
And satin tie:
I think that if you shouldn't come—
I'd die!

## *Tide of Empire*

*By Mabel Winter Wilson*

STAUNCHLY the covered wagon held its way
Where builders of a nation hurled their might
Against the grim face of the wilderness,
Through canyon pass and forest black as night.
While growing outposts marked their purpose true
Impenetrable forests blocked their way—
Through scream of eagle and the jungle gloom,
Death and disaster stalked by night and day,
They made the desert yield their brave desire;
In trackless forest forged an endless chain
That linked the ages each to each, nor gave
A passing thought to profit or to gain.
Awake, O, pioneer of yesterday,
Behold the pageant on the broad highway!

# AUGUST

## *After Death*

*By A. Blair Sharp*

A STRANGE sweet peace envelops me,
No ache, no pain, no agony.
I'm free from the thrall of grief and woe,
I'm able to go where I want to go.

I am not dead, I can never be
Anything else but a spirit free
Who loves to roam and wonders why
You humans are afraid to die.

Life is an air of joy and duty.
Death is a symphony of beauty
That never fades, but swings along
In one glorious, unending song.

## *The Gay Intruder*

*By Jean McCaleb*

UNDAUNTED by the hate and venom
that appall,
A frisky bay rose blooms on a prison wall;
A symbol of sweet innocence and childish
grace,
It nods a perky, ruffled, fragrant face.

A dozen scowling inmates in the rose intruder see
A volume written in the one word, "Free!"
Cold eyes gaze, longingly, at the pink bud
gay,
Which does not scorn a home where harsh
lips seem to say:

"Perhaps such prison walls might never be,
If a pink rose had bloomed, somewhere—
sometime for me."

## *Pioneers*

*By Florence Wilson Anderson*

WE passed their house today
Far out along a lonely road
A small log hut, bedraggled, gray,
But, oh! the courage that it told!

She stood there in the open door
The desert wind upon her face
And gazed afar with eyes
That saw the future of her race.

Fragile she was and groomed to luxury
Lovely, yet with a fragile loveliness,
And yet she faced a life of drudgery
With heart of loyal steadfastness.

Nearby a man worked in the fields
Toiling with unaccustomed hands.
Still awkwardly his hoe he wields
To wrest a living from these barren lands.

Victims of circumstance are they
Starting anew mid the ruins of their past.
So faithfully they work and pray
That they may hope to triumph at the last

Upright, courageous, free to give,
They struggle onward with unfaltering
tread.
While men as fine as these still live,
Who dares to say, "Our Pioneers are
dead?"

## *Cedar Tree*

*By Marie Call*

BEAT about by element,
Your branches thinned by storm,
You raise your head aloft
To praise the gods.
You form not in those soft
And sheltered gardens,
But force your rooting
Into the very heart of cliffs,
Your footing you hew out
You part the hardest stone,
But like a priest at sacrifice
You stand alone.

## *Thoughts*

*By Lars H. Mortensen*

EMOTIONS that are never used
Shrivel up and die.
Hearts that are never touched
Soon are petrified.
Eyes that shed no tears
Are lusterless betimes.
Lips that do not tremble
Stiffen into lines.

## *Just Dog*

*By Rance Wilcox*

MY dog is a pal that never sees my faults
And, though I often treat him rather
rough,
He still forgives me as if he really knew
I hadn't meant to be so gruff.

He has a way of knowing when I'm blue.
He runs and barks when things have come
our way.
He never tries to tell me what to do
Or thinks the things I do are not O. K.

A time when I was feeling mean and low;
When all my plans had vanished with the
mist;
When friends decried my lack of better
sense,
And laughed me into scorn for things I'd
missed;

My dog came slowly to me where I lay;
Head in hands, bowed down with shame
and care,
He looked at me with misery in his gaze—
My misery and my grief he too would
share;

Then he licked my hands and then my face,
He pressed his shaggy body next to me,
Nuzzled his head beneath my arm against
my chest
And left it there to warm my heart you see.

He may have looked tousled and a bit unkempt at times,
He may not have blue blood or pedigree,
But he never quits and never leaves a job,
And one of them, I guess, is loving me.

## *Essentials*

*By Mary Hale Woolsey*

MY dream-house is a most uncertain
thing!
* * I could not say if it be large or small,
Whether I build it new, or buy it old;
Such details seem to matter not at all,
—So carefree go my wishes wandering!

* * But these my house of dreams must
surely hold:

Windows that look on lilacs in the spring;
Shelves filled with books; bright firelight
flickering;
An old sweet-toned piano, from whose
keys
My touch may coax beloved melodies;
A picture of a white-winged ship at sea;

* * And someone who will love it all
with me!

## *Wishes*

*By Bess Foster Smith*

THE Wishing-man
Was picking wishes
Off the wishing-tree,
Said he, "I wish
That wishes would
Grow more perfectly.

"I can't deliver
All the wishes
Folks keep wishing for—
For half the wishes
They are wishing,
Are rotten at the core."

## *At the Crossroads*

HE stood at the crossroads all alone,
The sunrise in his face;
He had no thought for the world unknown,
He was set for a manly race.
But the road stretched east and the road
stretched west,
And the boy knew not which road was
best.
So he strolled on the road that led him
down,
And he lost the race and the victor's
crown,
He was caught at last in an angry snare,
Because no one stood at the crossroads
there
To show him the better road.

Another day at the self-same place,
A boy with high hopes stood;
He, too, was set for a manly race,
He, too, was seeking the things that
were good.
But one was there who the roads did
know,
And that one showed him which way
to go;
So he turned from the road that would
lead him down,
And he won the race and the victor's
crown,
He walks today the highway fair,
Because one stood at the crossroads
there,
To show him the better road.

# The Kingdom of God

AFTER reading the intriguing article by Judge Nephi Jensen, former president of the Canadian Mission, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, wrote the following letter of kindly criticism; or should I say comment:

"Dear Brother Merrill:

"Speaking of the article by Judge Nephi Jensen, "The Kingdom of God," in the July *Era*, you say: 'Where is the Kingdom of God and how do we enter? That is a question which we all have asked and which Judge Jensen, out of the store of his wisdom, makes answer.

"The answer to this question is a very simple one and has been answered whenever the Gospel has been on the earth. It is the message we are now declaring to the world today and have been doing for one hundred years past. I believe that Judge Jensen and I are agreed in relation to the question of the Kingdom of God and how to enter it, but I regret that he failed to point out clearly in his article both what it is and how entrance is obtained. The Kingdom of God is not some intangible feeling which one must get in one's heart. True, it is, one must feel the *love* of that kingdom within, just as one must feel the love of country, or feel the love for any other project or ideal. Down through the ages the sectarian doctrine has been echoing that the Kingdom of God is something which we must get *within* us, that is to say, merely a matter of feeling, or of the heart. The Kingdom of God is, however, a concrete, tangible kingdom. It has laws, subjects and a King, as the following scripture clearly indicates: Matt. 6:33; 21:31, 43; Mark 1:14, 15; 9:1, 47; Luke 7:27, 28; 9:27-28; 14:15 and 15:45. The passage under discussion, Luke 17:20-21, is given by the Prophet Joseph Smith as follows:

" 'And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them, and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

" 'Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, Lo, there! For, behold, the kingdom of God has already come unto you'."

"Here the expression 'come unto you,' takes the place of the expression in King James version, 'within you,' the former without any doubt being the meaning the Savior gave to this utterance. In the King James version the marginal reading is 'among' thus sustaining the Prophet's interpretation. It is to be hoped that Judge Jensen has made his meaning clear enough so that your readers will not be impressed with a faulty idea in relation to the Kingdom of God. Entrance into this kingdom is, we know, through obedience to the first principles of the Gospel—faith in God, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. There is no other way.

"Your brother in the gospel,
"Joseph Fielding Smith."

If there was the least possible chance for a reader to obtain the idea from Judge Jensen's article that the Kingdom of God is not a definite kingdom with a definite king and definite laws governing it, this comment by Elder Smith is very timely. One of the most fundamental teachings of the Church, as Elder Smith points out in his letter, is that the baptism by one having the authority to perform the ordinance is absolutely essential to exaltation in the Father's kingdom. Judge Jensen, of course, believes that with all his heart and would not willingly convey any other impression. Such a baptism, however, as Judge Jensen and many passages of scripture point out, is not sufficient for salvation or exaltation unless the heart is right. The Master had a great deal to say about those who obey only the outward demands of the law and yet remain full of corruption within.

The Kingdom is among us, truly. In order to proclaim that message to the world, the Church and its members spend thousands of dollars annually.—*H. R. M.*

# More Talk About the Talkies

AFTER a third of a century, or thereabouts, the country is awakening to the fact that the moving picture is something more than a casual source of amusement or object of strict censorship; it is one of the powerful agencies of education for good and ill throughout the nation; throughout most of the civilized world. Many a parent has parked a child or two for an afternoon in a movie and faced the quiet prospect of a few hours of freedom with never a thought as to what was taking place in the mind and personality of the child. Many a young girl has entered the doors of a moving picture theatre with no idea that she was to become acquainted with some idea which would gradually become integrated in her philosophy and influence her thinking forever. Many a boy, unconsciously longing for the excitement and hazards which frontier life formerly supplied naturally, seeing on the screen a thrilling substitute for the Indians and wild animals of his grandfather's time, has gone out to experiment along lines of perilous excitement, basing his technic on what he has seen actually succeeding in a film, his practical education thus begun. And more subtly still, adults of mature judgment and sane balance, seeing on the screen portrayals of divorce, immorality, triangles, etc., slowly become accustomed to it all and, first endure, "then pity, then embrace." After the same mode of teaching, others, watching scenes in which honesty, fidelity, graciousness and kindliness are glorified, become innoculated with these principles, and go forth resolving to be finer and stronger individuals because they have seen someone else be fine and strong.

Boards of censorship have existed in various communities for some years, charged with the responsibility of previewing pictures and pronouncing commendation or condemnation upon them and with their pronouncement deciding whether or not certain films should be shown to a gullible and impressionable public; but censorship never yet has succeeded in raising community standards. Only through arousing a desire to see good pictures can an audience be led to accept the good which is in such pictures.

Now, somewhat suddenly and vigorously, certain church organizations have joined the ranks of the Parent-Teacher and Women's Club organizations which for a few years past have been endeavoring to work constructively for better films and broader understanding for them and appreciation for them. The Catholic Church, in print and by radio and sermon have aroused their people —and thousands of others—to a necessity which must be met; that of demanding decency in the

pictures which Young America is to see if Young America is to come into maturity with the idealism without which the country cannot go onward. Jewish agencies and Methodist and Episcopal are other denominations which have gone into the field, and with perfect right to do so. Surely religious organizations have every reason to enter a realm in which the morals and morale of individuals are affected!

From New York, in a Church Publication Bulletin, comes this statement: "A large number of Protestant and Jewish agencies throughout the country have entered the campaigning against unwholesome movies during the past week. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in annual convention * * * denounced harmful movies in a resolution which points out the harmful influence exerted by many motion pictures upon the public mind and morals and particularly upon the minds of youth and children and recommends the appointment of a special committee to consider the program by which the conference can most effectively cooperate with other religious groups and civic bodies in effecting a cleanup of the movies. * * * Those who are in control of government and of the theater and of the films and of the newspapers and of every other avenue of public sight and information have the responsibility of guiding their instruments of public influence within sane and rational limitations of good taste and decency. If they cannot and will not exercise that responsibility, others must be chosen who can and will!"

Inter-faith action on the movies is asked and in response to the plea Jews, Protestants and Catholics are joining to meet the situation which has assumed such menacing proportion in the past decade, and which yet has within it such unbound opportunity for good.

Regarding public criticism of the movies, Will Hayes, of the Producers' Association, says that there is no desire on their part to ignore it. "Without this criticism progress would be impossible in this as in any other service of popular entertainment. Criticism good, bad and indifferent, is evidence of the important position of the screen. * * In the past year the industry has established active working contact with more than ten thousand local leaders in the joint effort to promote and consolidate the movement for public support of pictures of the better kind. Among these socially-minded volunteers are * * * teachers, librarians, * * * clergymen, * * * editors, * * * leaders and directors of religious, educational and club groups. * * * Their judgment has been unbiased, their comments formative. * * * They know that many of these problems can be solved only by patient and unceasing effort, by public education in matters of taste and standards. The American public and motion picture industry have everything to gain from every movement, church or otherwise, that works for the proper selection of motion picture entertainment."

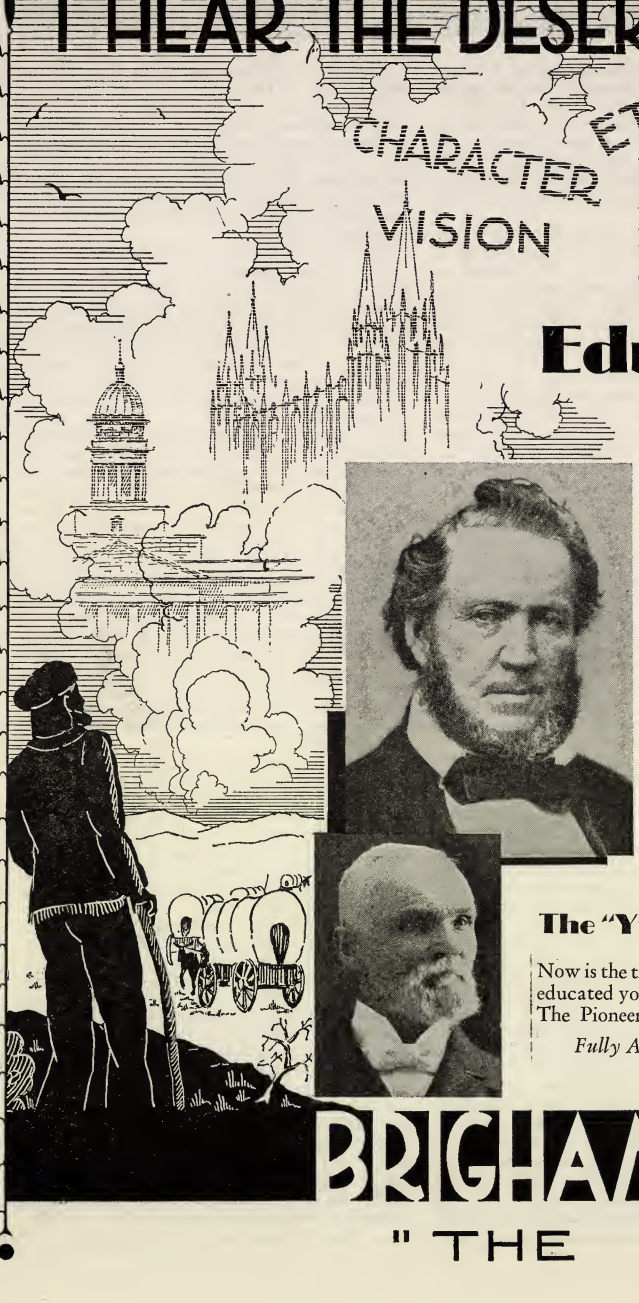
But criticism should be constructive; not simply derogatory. The President of the United States said recently: "There are some people, of course, who do not think things through. * * * That critic contributes nothing * * * who attempts to destroy without even suggesting a way to build up." Many there are who denounce in no uncertain terms the vile and vicious moving picture but who do not go to see, or if they do, fail to comment favorably upon the clean, wholesome, uplifting picture.

Commenting on the fact that Hollywood loses money on fine pictures, A. L. Mayer says (*in Liberty Magazine* for July 21): "In the Salt Lake City territory the only way exhibitors can be compelled to play Alice in Wonderland is by refusing to give them Mae West pictures until they do. * * * The demand for risque, gangster, or wild-youth pictures exceeds that for artistic, educational or classical productions. Of course there are occasional exceptions. * * * These exceptions, however, only emphasize what every exhibitor has learned to his cost. The so-called 'best element' in the community cannot be relied upon to support in large numbers the type of picture which they claim to favor. * * * It has been driven home to me season after season when I lost money with instructive, thrilling pictures like *Byrd at the South Pole*, with humanitarian, inspiring productions like Lubitch's *Broken Lullaby*, with mystical, deeply religious pictures like *Outward Bound*, or with masterly American classics like Von Stroheim's *Greed*. * * * If the reformers' zeal, instead of being wasted on false clues, could be thrown into campaigns for the support of meritorious and unusual pictures so that it would prove even moderately profitable to exhibit them, the problem * * * would sink into insignificance."

From the studios under date of July 12 comes notice to the effect that from July 15, 1934 on, exhibitors throughout the United States would be granted the right to omit the exhibition of any picture against which there is genuine protest on moral grounds. If the concerted campaigning of the several religious organizations does nothing more than bring about this concession, their efforts will not have been in vain.

As members of the "Mormon" Church which has always stood for the highest type of recreation, we can take a step ahead by facing the facts concerning the movies and acting upon them. There are as many good pictures—unobjectionable and lovely in principle and influence—as there are suggestive undesirable ones. Find out which they are, patronize them, tell your friends about them, discuss them with enthusiasm, lend every effort to create in your various communities a sentiment for them, and the results soon will be felt. Exhibitors will show pictures the public will patronize; producers will make pictures which make money. It is within the power of the American public to get what they want, if they know what they want and demand it. Let's go into the campaign, constructively!—*E. T. B.*

# "I HEAR THE DESERT SINGIN




EVERY Latter-day Saint consc
desert but the canals and the
tabernacles and the temples that
with us insistently calling—"Carry
by President Brigham Young and
of the Church, including Presiden
gram of

## Education f and Cha

Our fathers needed braw
questioning determination an
education, technical training
devotion to a cause.

"Education for Service,"
two things:

1. *Training that will h
factory livelihood for oneself a
to assist with the work of the*

2. *Spiritual developmen
courage, and the hunger to i
others to do the same.*

Brigham Young Universit
oughly practical training in a
important—this training is ex
that gives real unity and signi
cation. It offers degrees in FI
SCIENCE, ARTS AND SCIE
CATION, AND FINE ARTS
Catalogues Are Now Availabl

### The "Y" Opens for its 59th

Now is the time to add to your intellectual and s
educated young men and women who know ho
The Pioneers dreamed and made their dream

*Fully Accredited and a Member of the Mo
Universities in th*

# BRIGHAM YOUN

• PROVO •

" THE FRIEND

# G "CARRY ON! CARRY ON!"

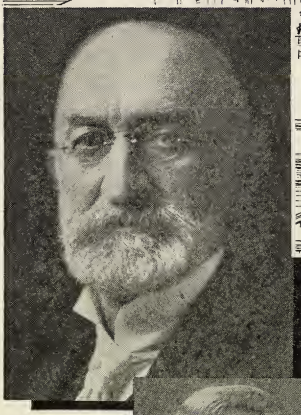
ROGRESSION

SPIRITUALITY

SCHOLARSHIP

ious of his heritage, hears not only the reservoirs, the roads and the cities, the our Pioneer Fathers and Mothers left on!" The Church University, founded fostered by every succeeding President t Heber J. Grant, answers with a pro-

## for Service
## aracter



yn, physical courage, and un- d faith; their children need , moral courage, unswerving

to a Latter-day Saint, means

*elp one earn at least a satis- nd dependents and a little more Church.*
*t that will give the vision, the mprove constantly and to aid*

y provides thorough and thor- wide variety of fields. More alted by a robust spirituality ficance to the process of edu- IVE COLLEGES: APPLIED ENCES, COMMERCE, EDU- S—*More than* 1,000 *courses.*
e

**Year, September 21, 1934**

piritual stature. The Church needs devout and ow to plan and how to make their plans work. ns realities, their children must do the same.

*ost Exclusive Associations of Colleges and he United States*

# G UNIVERSITY

· UTAH ·

LY SCHOOL"

# NEW POETS

## *Summer Joys*

BE the breath of Summer wind too hot,
  And working-days too long,
Be my brow all moist and dust-begrimed,
  My breath too short for song,
Be there rough callouses on my hands,
  A sun-tan on my skin,
There are sweet bits of ecstacy
  That I can revel in.

The early birds' first burst of song,
  The dew-freshed scent of rose,
The cooling kiss of the ev'ning breeze,
  A brief night's sweet repose,
The pungent odor of new-mown hay,
  A drink at mint-edged spring,
A hurried plunge in shady pool,
  The night-bird's caroling.

And when it rains I turn my face
  Up, like thirsty flower,
To drink in all the refreshing good
  Of Nature's own cool show'r;
Then, I may climb to yon mountain-top
  View all the valley-sod—
With thrill of joyous ecstacy,
  I reach my arms toward God!

—*Viola A. Israelsen.*

## *Our West*

WHO doesn't love the rolling plains,
  The rows of trees and the winding lanes,
In the little towns all through the West
That makes us like this country best?

We're lost without the busy hum
Of the mowing machine 'neath the friendly sun;
And the pungent smell of the new mown hay
That the breezes bring at the close of day.

The men coming home, tired but cheery,
This all makes you forget, if you're weary,
So you who crave happiness, friends and health,
Come to the West where you'll find life's true wealth.

—*Mildred Lyman.*

## *Our Desert*

OUR desert has sands all tan and white,
  That sparkle in the bright sunlight.

Our desert is dry as dry can be,
And we know 'twill seldom grow a tree.

We love our desert with all our hearts,
We love each of its separate parts.

Its level mesas, its spires so high,
That they almost reach the very sky.

The brush and sage in every dale,
With here and there a primrose pale.

There is many an Indian in our land,
Whose home is on the desert sand.

—*Marilene Bloomfield.*

## *Sunset*

THE sky was robed in azure blue,
  A rainbow scarf thrown o'er her back.
Her golden head turned toward the west,
Was wreathed in rays of gold and rose.

She drew upon her bright attire
A cloak of deepest velvet black,
And screened her beauty from the world,
To wait in peace another day.

—*Vades Johnson.*

## *Dear Little Girl*

DEAR little girl with your clear blue eyes
  That hold so much wonder; are full of surprise,
Did you know you're a mystery all the day long—
Whether silent, or laughing, or singing a song?

Dear little girl, when you're fast asleep,
When the night is still and shadows are deep,
Did you know in my heart there's a secret fear,
Lest you might be too perfect to dwell with us here?

—*Hazel J. Owen.*

## *Mother*

LOVELY, sweet lady, mother of mine,
  Nature in her search for the most beautiful
Found no beauty greater than yours.
I pay tribute to my lady beautiful.
All loveliness of body and soul
Are yours, forever to keep or to give.

I thank you for all that you have done—
Your kind sweet ways and loving hand—
To make you happy will be my goal.
May you be happy while you live!
Mother mine.

—*Leland Wayment.*

"AHA, A VISITOR!" THE DEER HUNTS THE HUNTERS

## *Thoughts at Sunset*

THE evening sun is below the crest
  And golden is the western sky;
The valley is nearly at its rest,
  And the evening clouds roll by.

Silhouetted in western sky
  A crying kildeer wings its flight;
The insects cease their humming by
  As swiftly deepen the shadows of night.

Now comes the evening star to view,
  Glim'ring as distant cottage light,
Faintly it twinkles through the deepening blue
  And bids all nature a soft good night.

Now when the evening sun has set
  And golden is the western sky,
'Tis good to know—though we oft forget—
  That God's great guidance is ever nigh!

—*Marlin Bingham.*

## *A New Day*

NEW hopes, new aims
  Each better than the last;
Mistakes and aches of other days
  Lie buried in the past.

A new day and a new chance
  To reach a worthy goal;
I'll work and make each hour complete—
  True solace to my soul.

Anew, days come and end
  And work is laid away.
Oh may I know contentment
  And feel that I can say:

"Throughout this day I've kept the faith.
Each hour I've tried to do my best,
  God sent me here to work—to serve;
I hope I've stood the test."

—*Norma Knight.*

## *To You, Mother*

WHO is it that tries to make everything mine?
Who is it that makes the sun through the clouds shine?
Who is it that gives me an honest measure?
Who is it that fills life for me with sweet pleasure?
  My Mother!

She sings a song as she goes along
In the face of all that's right and wrong.
She laughs and cheers and refuses the tears,
And accepts the love and rejects the jeers—
  Who? Mother!

My comrade, my pal, there is none other
Than you, you mean so much to me, Mother,
All through my life may you be at my side,
Always in peace may you ever abide
  Dear Mother!

—*William R. Clarke.*

NEW AUTHORS

# Under the Stetson Brim

By Jay P. Sorenson

THE stage-coach rattled along the dusty road while "Mike," the driver, sat lazily in his seat watching the trees and bushes along the road. Some of the passengers were peering anxiously about for fear something would happen while they were going at the terrific rate of six miles an hour.

Suddenly the driver snapped erect and shaded his eyes with his hand. Down the road about five hundred feet a man was lying on his back, motionless. Mike set the brakes and pulled sharply on the reins until the horses stopped. Just as Mike was about to climb down, he heard a gruff voice, "It was good of you to stop, Senor. I thought that I might have to plug one of your horses first." Mike turned around only to find himself looking down into the muzzles of two forty-fives.

The man behind the guns was small and dark. His gun holsters were low and tied at the bottoms, but the most remarkable thing of all was his Stetson. It could be recognized anywhere; it had a band of bright gold stars on the bottom of the brim. This man, Mike thought, was a big fool. Just the minute that hat was spotted he'd be caught and probably lynched. But now the stranger's voice broke in again. "Come on, you on top there. Shake a laig and get them mail bags down here, 'an you inside there come out, all of you. We might be able to have a tea party yet. Hurry up, fatty," he added when an elderly gentleman got stuck in the door. "Hurry up, or I'll let some of the air out of you so you can get out."

After the mail bags were thrown in a pile and all the passengers robbed of their jewels, they were ordered back aboard and off before the robber could count ten. Mike lashed the tired horses until they were all running at top speed, then he began thinking of the robber between lurches of the coach and cries of frightened passengers. Mike knew that the burglar was not a Mexican nor was his voice as gruff as he would have it seem.

Late that night the tired, foam-flecked horses pulled up at the inn, which served as a stage depot, to be greeted by the usual crowd of men.

Mike made none of his customary salutations, but strode past the saloon to the sheriff's office, where he told a deputy about the robbery of his coach and his suspicions. It was an hour later when the sheriff came in, and it was almost morning before Mike left, but he had the sheriff's promise that he, the sheriff, would go on the stage the next day to guard a load of gold and silver ore that was being shipped.

At ten o'clock the stage-coach began its swaying journey up the canyon with a series of jerks, the cracking of a whip and the shouting of Mike at his horses.

The stage-coach was almost up to the place where it was held up the day before, when suddenly from around the bend came a lone horseman; a short, dark man with his guns tied low and—the sheriff's heart took a great flip—there was that huge Stetson with the gold stars shining like a million candles just under the brim.

As the man came up, Mike stopped the horses, pulled out his gun and then, after shouting loudly at the sheriff to come and do his duty, he risked a look back only to find that worthy gentleman secreted under a mail bag.

"It's all right, Sheriff, you can come out," Mike drawled, "I've got him covered."

The sheriff crawled out waving his guns and, declaring that the stranger was his prisoner, handcuffed him and started for town.

AT the village the sheriff and his prisoner were greeted by an angry mob, which was in the right mood for lynching the man who had stolen their payrolls. The sheriff by calling his deputies, finally had the prisoner securely locked behind the bars of the jail.

"Now," said the sheriff, "Maybe you'll tell us just where you hid that payroll money that you took from the stage yesterday."

"Yesterday," came the answer, "I was in Montana, and I robbed no stages." The stranger's voice was pitched at a monotone.

"Well then," the sheriff suggested, "Maybe you'll tell us just where you got those clothes that fit the description of the thief's clothes."

"I was stopped back up the road by some fellow who made me put on these clothes and wear his empty six-guns," was the stranger's reply.

"You would have a hard time explaining that to that mob out there, wouldn't you?"

"No, I don't think so, if you'll just go with me to the place where I was stopped by the hold-up man and let me follow his trail to his hide-out."

"How can you follow his trail? Was he walking?"

"No, but he had a shoe on his horse that had two bars across it."

"But there are hundreds of shoes like that in this country; almost

every man here has got 'em on his horse."

"Yes, but these bars were fixed different than any that I have ever seen before."

"Well," the sheriff assented after hesitating, "we'll give you a try, but if you don't bring back the hold-up man, I'll let the mob string you up to the nearest tree, and remember I'll have a posse about a hundred feet or so behind you so you needn't try to escape."

So the stranger started out with the posse of deputies and citizens on his heels.

WHEN they arrived at the scene the stranger waited until the posse came up and then began showing them various things and at length started following the hold-up man's trail.

After riding for about an hour, the trail led them to a small ranch between two hills. The ranch belonged to the sheriff himself.

The stranger dismounted at the corral gate and before the sheriff's men could get to him, he picked out the sheriff's favorite mare and on lifting her foot showed the assembled posse that this was the end of the search.

After the posse had seen the shoe on the mare's foot the stranger produced a pair of handcuffs and a United States Marshal's badge, while the sheriff went pale, wheeled his horse and headed for the wide open spaces with the posse on his heels.

The sheriff was caught and securely handcuffed; the marshal held up his hand for silence and said by way of explanation: "You see, I was sent here to get the men that have been rustling cattle, so when this happened, I knew I had my man, but I couldn't recognize the sheriff here until now. Well, I must be gettin' along with this prisoner. So long, boys, and thanks for your help."

Just as the sun went down over a hill, the marshal and the sheriff disappeared around a bend in the road and the posse headed back for town.

# Sables in Sego Prairie

By L. T. MacFarland

"TO the City National Bank, Henry," Helen ordered the chauffeur through the speaking tube, and Henry, correct in line and bearing, and matching perfectly the maroon car, turned the corner without slacking speed.

Sego Prairie was viewing for the first time in its history a foreign built car and speculating on its sable-wrapped occupant and her possible destiny. But Sego Prairie was not long in drawing a conclusion. The news spread rapidly that the heiress to the Van Stratton millions was in town.

Helen, unmindful of their stares, let her eyes stray from the back of her chauffeur to the vaguely familiar landscape. There was the smell of apples in the air. Wine-colored and purple asters mingled with heavy golden-rod roused in her stabbing memories of Ernest—Ernest, who had suddenly and apparently without cause broken his vows to her and married Ruth. In the fraction of a minute they would be at the City National Bank—and the City National Bank meant Ernest. She had given way to this reckless desire to see him again, if only for a moment, before she again took up the threads of her superficial life.

Helen watched Henry's liveried legs disappear through the bank doors. She felt the moment when Henry would pass to Ernest the card on which was engraved Helen Van Stratton, with the words, "A lady to see you, Sir."

Helen, her mental picture correctly timed, saw Ernest's imposing person push through the passage. Many layers of chin lifted his face to a snobbish angle. His feet shuffled along, since it was impossible for him to guide them by sight. He blinked in the bright sunlight. As his blurred eyes became accustomed to the light and he saw Helen, he stopped and stared, as one about to succumb to a stroke.

The few seconds that elapsed as he approached were to Helen like an eternity. In it all things happened. At first it seemed as though an inverted globe were being lowered over her head cutting off her breathing. There was a sickening dizziness. Then of a sudden a new light broke. She felt serene. Ernest, her high-school suitor, became a faded dream. The middle-aged, heavy-set Ernest before her had become as impersonal to her as her tailor.

Why he was commonplace, smug, and small-town! She could have screamed from released tension, but she was a lady and only soft rippling laughter tinged with amusement passed her lips.

She extended her hand, allowing him to keep it a fraction of a second while he devoured her beauty with smoldering hunger.

"Don't you know me, Ernest?" she asked in tones like a caress.

"Helen!" he gasped, "Helen Wilson!" Then glancing again at the card in his hand, "That is—er—Van Stratton."

"Please call me Helen," she smiled.

"You are beautiful!" he breathed, forgetting himself. "Why didn't you grow old like the rest of us?" he demanded accusingly with sudden heat, trying to justify his middle-agedness.

"The secret, Ernest, of staying young is to be truly loved!" her eyes softened. He did not recognize the relaxed cat's paw; he was still pondering the grind of ordinary life.

"I did so want to see Ruth while passing through," she murmured, "Will you tell me where you are living?"

Ernest came alive. He would

(*Continued on page* 503)

# LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW? (*Univ.*): Sympathy and understanding of the vague and pitiful helplessness of the small man and woman at the bottom of the social and economic ladder are generated by this beautifully produced picture. The film can and does avoid most of the objectionable elements in the book without destroying any of the strength and tenderness of it. *Adults.*

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (*Col.*): Enchanting music, a good story, excellent acting and direction combine to give one of the loveliest pictures of the year. The story of an American girl who goes to Italy to study music and becomes a prima donna is screened in a manner to call forth high commendation. *Adults and Young People.*

BLIND DATE (*Col.*): Modern Cinderella romance, clean, diverting and well done. Family scenes in the home of a little working girl who finds her dreams coming true supply comedy and pathos. *Family.*

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (*R. K. O.*): Father and daughter story which does not ring quite true but has elements of charm which hold interest. *Adults and Young People.*

HERE COMES THE NAVY (*Warner-First Nat'l*): Antagonism of two men in naval service forms the thread of the story. Actual officers and men of the navy play all but leading parts. A very good picture. *Family.*

I GIVE MY LOVE (*Univ.*): Genuine and appealing story of a mother's sacrifice for her son. Written by the author of "Grand Hotel." *Adults and Young People.*

AFTERWARDS (*R. K. O.*): Fairly entertaining picture of a woman whose occult powers help her to solve a murder. *Adults and Young People who like murder mysteries.*

BLACK MOON (*Col.*): Weird tale of voodoo rites and blood sacrifice in the Island of San Christopher. Sufficiently well done to entertain those who like the type.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (*Fox*): Those who enjoy these pictures of the wise old Chinese detective who always gets his man will not be disappointed in this story of the attempted robbery of a pearl necklace. *Family.*

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (*United Artists*): Fascinating picture in which Arliss plays the role of a crochety, lovable old gentleman who cunningly uses his wits to set a few things right before he dies. Crisply written and well acted, it is full of delightful humor, fine idealism and a sense of justice. Unique and refreshing it measures up

GEORGE ARLISS

to the high standard expected of an Arliss picture.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (*Fox*): Another story of sailors, with an almost genuine central romance. Much of slapstick comedy which some may not like. *Not for Children.*

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (*R. K. O.*): Delightful comedy, well acted and produced. Modern family with money gone still live in their spacious home, but are not able to buy food; and are saved by a little country cousin. Perfect casting; done in excellent taste. *Family.*

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (*R. K. O.*): Story of sensitive, crippled Englishman's bondage to cheap, selfish little waitress makes an unforgettable picture, sordid and depressing though it is. Many elements of the book have been softened, but only people who can like living tragedy will care for the picture.

SCARLET EMPRESS (*Par.*): Spectacular story of life of Catherine the Great of Russia, with emphasis placed on lavish settings, gorgeous ceremonials, magnificent surroundings rather than on the life of the simple little princess who became an empress. Suffers by comparison with the English story of Catherine.

*"The Canyon of Romance," a technicolor of Bryce Canyon, is worth seeing if you like beautiful nature photographed at its best.*

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (*R. K. O.*): Story of love and sacrifice exquisitely played, but it is regrettable that again sympathy is given the woman who lives on the shady street of a man's life. Well directed, and delicately, for the theme it is. These pictures may measure up to requirements of punishment for those who err, but the errant years are so beautifully pictured that it is doubtful if adults, let alone impressionable adolescents, can feel anything but glamor in the whole situation.

CRIMINAL WITHIN (*Col.*): Newspaper yarn in which a young reporter, eager to impress his cynical associates, stumbles upon valuable evidence in an important political murder mystery and follows his clue through to victory. *Family.*

THE DEFENSE RESTS (*Col.*): When a brilliant attorney is forced by the underworld to defend a kidnaping case he is brought to his senses by the child's mother and an adoring young secretary. Not too believable, but fair. *Adults and Young People.*

THE LOVE CAPTIVE (*Univ.*): Theme centers about the use of hypnotic power in medical practice. Questionable elements and somewhat melodramatic yet the novelty of treatment holds interest up to a climax which is somewhat indefinite in significance. *Adults.*

WILD GOLD (*Fox.*): Based on current interest in revival of old gold properties, the picture is too saturated with drinking scenes and bolstered with irrelevant trivialities to mean much.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (*R. K. O.*): Edna May Oliver as the snoopy school-teacher detective provides fun in a picture with weird noises, false clues, thrills and chills. *Family, except children.*

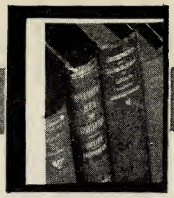
OPERATOR 13 (*M. G. M.*): Glamorous southern story, with enough of tragedy and suspense to give depth without allowing the picturesque romantic interest to waver. *Family.*

BACHELOR BAIT (*R. K. O.*): Farce comedy of matrimonial bureau. Amusing and generally entertaining. *Adults and Young People.*

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (*R. K. O.*): Wheeler and Woolsey funnier than usual and less smutty—though smutty enough as it is. Broad farce for those who like these two.

KISS AND MAKE UP (*Par*): Amusing satire on the modern woman's search for beauty and man's reaction to it—with parts ably played and settings unusual. *Children would not be interested.*

# BOOK REVIEWS



## *Recreation for Girls and Women*

*By Ethel M. Bowers*
*(A. S. Barnes Co., Publishers)*

COMING at a time in American history when attention is centered on recreation and leisure-time, enforced and otherwise, this book by Ethel M. Bowers, has value far above that of the usual volume on play. Not simply a book of games and directions for playing, not merely one of psychology of recreation, not just a manual for leaders, not only an age-group study in leisure-time pursuits, the book combines all of these elements, and in addition puts over a remarkable feeling for recreation and a fine measure of understanding of its importance. To Mormon groups of leaders and members this will appeal with particular significance, for it embodies much which has been basic in the leadership-training of the Church given to its great body of volunteer workers.

Beginning with an introductory explanation of the changes which have entered into the leisure-life of girls and women it states that the purpose is to offer suggestions for their organized recreation. From a nation of small towns and rural communities America has evolved into a nation of city-dwellers, in which even rural localities have taken on certain urban characteristics. Commercialized recreation—dancing, movies, radio, professional sports—is the order of the day. There is great need for a revival of interest in things constructive rather than those which develop "spectatoritis."

### The Balanced Program

According to the author a balanced program of recreation is of inestimable value, appealing as it naturally does to the varying interests of an individual, and providing opportunity for discovering paramount interests which in later life become all-absorbing. Such a program should include activities in the following fields: *Physical*, including individual, group and team participation; *Creative*, including handcrafts, music and dramatics; *Social; Mental;* and *Service*. "Just what are some of the values to girls of a balanced program? In general they will learn many fundamental skills which they may later develop into hobbies or vocations. The program will provide for progressive development and will thus result in satisfaction, the thrills of personal success and joy. Not the least of the values are the opportunities offered for self-direction and leadership, as well as the growth of physical well-being, social integration, mental and emotional stability."

*Peggy, the Pre-adolescent*: For this age, from nine to twelve, thirteen or fourteen (depending upon the girl) the general needs are the same; methods and details differ. The random, self-testing play changes to non-competitive group play. Peggy has become gregarious and less self-assertive. For Betty, the baby, roller-skating was self-testing; for Peggy it is social. Contests, if any, should be entirely friendly.

Dual activities such as tennis, checkers, mumble-peg, marble-golf, etc., are valuable; group activities usually are enjoyed immensely—team-ball, object passing, throwing, chasing—all appeal to her and supply the double need of social contact and skill—development. Creative activities—paper-crafts, weaving, woodwork, crocheting, tatting, braiding, knotting and similar skills should be mastered by her. Now, if ever, she should lay a foundation for appreciations in music, dramatics, story-telling. Social activities do not yet call for association with boys, and girl-groups should be encouraged, as well as family parties and celebrations. Mental recreation is not especially appealing, but quiet games—anagrams, guessing games, alphabet, word-making, puzzles, etc., all should be given her. Nature-study and literary appreciation must be presented carefully, but not over-emphasized. Of especial importance is Peggy's service opportunities; at this time her "benevolent impulses may be guided by a wise leader into many channels beneficial to others and of value to Peggy as a means of character education. * * * girls of this age can do many helpful things but care should be taken not to exploit them. * * * There are endless ways in which Peggy's boundless energies and impulses can and should be used by a far-sighted playleader for the benefit of all concerned, especially Peggy herself."

*Alice the Adolescent*: "A most difficult age is adolescence when Alice is neither child nor woman; (it extends from puberty to about the time of leaving high school.) * * * At this age girls develop such decided preferences and dislikes that we cannot consider them as one group but must classify them into certain types which should be considered broadly—the athletic type, the creative type and the social type."

The athletic type is interested in physical activities of all kinds and especially in sports and games. The creative type is not; she prefers dancing, handcrafts, music, dramatics, literature, decoration, cooking, sewing and designing, with an objective of achieving satisfaction and possibly recognition and honor through creative endeavor. The social type is definitely and often aggressively interested in the opposite sex; novelties, variety, thrills increase the tempo of life for this group whose ideals often come from movie, magazine and radio. "During this age Alice needs organized physical activities not only to lay a foundation for the future and to maintain her present health but also to relieve the physical and emotional strain of adolescence." "* * * It is of the utmost importance in planning, organizing and conducting the creative program to provide not only for the eager, capable, creative Alice but also for the indifferent, shy or unskilled athletic or social Alice."

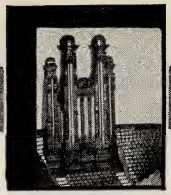
Her social development should include such factors as participation in home-parties, outings, dances under proper direction and school, church or group parties away from home, in all of which she takes part in planning.

Mental activities might include study clubs; if these are to be truly recreational they must offer the girls satisfactions in their particular interests. Religious impulses at this age find outlet in service to others in church groups. Through opportunity to serve, her spiritual and benevolent traits can be educated.

*Beatrice the Business Girl and Ida the Industrial Girl*: These two girls, though perhaps of the same age, do not always enjoy the same things—Beatrice is older in development, wiser, better educated, more cultured; Ida has been handicapped in many ways and may be mentally much younger than Beatrice, even if older in years. Wise leadership will provide variations in a recreational program for the two types. Considering them both to be seventeen or over, we find that Beatrice's desire for intense physical activity has waned; she has gained poise. Ida is more likely still to demand exciting competitive physical recreation, where speed and strength rather than skill are features. Games for both types should be provided and choice left to the girls themselves, with no attempt made to force

(*Continued on page* 502)

# * MUSIC *



## *Echoes From Noble Cain's Music Class*

ON June 14th, 1934, between the lesson hours of the music course taught by Mr. Noble Cain, of Chicago, at Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah, the Church choristers and organists attending the class were called together. In the absence of chairman Melvin J. Ballard of the Church Music Committee, Elder Geo. D. Pyper, his first assistant, presided. He said that inasmuch as there were over 500 music leaders in the group from the various stakes, the committee thought it would be profitable to call them together to discuss some of our Church music problems of which there were plenty. He introduced Elder Tracy Y. Cannon who presented the following suggestions from the Church Music Committee:

### Promotion of Music

"We believe that our first duty is to place emphasis on the performance of sacred music, because sacred music has power to give exalting, spiritual uplift. It can be made a powerful ally of religion. We have a gospel, a message to deliver, and music must be made a part of that message. Everything we do as a people should center around the promotion of that message among mankind. It is most important, therefore, that we cultivate sacred music since it has such great power to stimulate religious emotions in the human heart. Children and adults alike respond enthusiastically and with decided interest to sacred music.

"We do not say that good secular music, such as you are receiving from Mr. Cain should not be used for the purpose of promoting culture. What we do say is that it should not take precedence over sacred music.

"The Church Music Committee has the following recommendations to make concerning music in the Church:

### The Ward Choir

"(1) The ward choir is to be the most important musical organization in the ward. Other musical projects to be secondary and not to interfere with the choir's efficiency. Young people are to be encouraged to sing in the ward choirs.

### Conflicts—Classification of Voices

"(2) Conflicts between singing groups to be avoided by classification of voices according to age and sex. Age classification to be as follows: (a) unchanged voices, (b) voices in the process of changing, (c) changed or mature voices. 2. Sex classification: (a) Priesthood group with divisions into unchanged voices, changed voices, the unchanged and changed voices in combination.

"(3) Organizations consisting of people of same age to avoid organization of singing groups that conflict with each other.

### Music in Auxiliaries

"(4) Encourage the development of music in the Church organizations such as Sunday School, Mutual, Primary and Relief Society, rather than in the organization of independent choruses.

### Groups to be Encouraged

"(5) Possible singing groups to be developed in the ward are: (a) ward choirs, (b) boy's chorus of unchanged voices, (c) male chorus or male quartet, (d) male chorus of unchanged and changed voices, (e) girl's chorus composed of young children, (f) female chorus, trio and quartet of young ladies, and (g) singing mother's group.

"(6) Singing in auxiliary organization is to be conducted according to the program of each organization.

"(7) Ward music committee to function in working out ward music programs.

### Congregational Singing

"(8) Congregational singing is to be encouraged. We suggest at least one congregational song in each sacrament meeting.

"(9) Singing practice for congregational singing should be held once a month, or oftener, either in sacrament meeting or at its conclusion.

### Organ for Sacred Music

"(10) The organ should be used for all sacred music especially in sacramental services rather than the piano. Of course in wards that have no organ the piano must be used, but every ward should possess an organ. Orchestras should be used in meetings of a devotional character with the utmost discretion.

### Careful Selection of Songs

"(11) Careful selection of songs should be stressed. The songs must be appropriate and in the spirit of the occasion. They must not be secular or suggestive of love scenes, the movie, the dance, or anything else that is foreign to the spirit of worship."

*Question by Member*: "I find that it is easier to get singers to sing in the Mutual choruses than it is in the ward choir. The answer I get when I ask why, is that we use a different class of music in our Mutual work than that used in the ward. We should like to ask now just what we can do to induce our singers to sing hymns in our Sacrament meeting and to come and participate in it as well as in the Mutual work."

*Answer*: "It is a matter of knowing your material, and knowing the group so well that when you give them sacred music they will enjoy it just as much as the other. You should so invest your personality and your faith into the work that you will touch the feelings of the young people."

Alfred M. Durham, of Salt Lake City, said:

"I want to make a plea for ward choirs. It has been my experience that we have had too many choruses. We have all been working at different angles and rather against each other. I agree with Brother Cannon's statement that the ward choir should be the chief musical organization of the ward. I believe that all of the other organizations should contribute to this special one. I don't think we have been doing this enough."

Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett:

"In behalf of the Relief Society I want to say how much in favor we are of the Singing Mothers' Organization. We feel that it gives them a much needed emotional outlet and relief from home cares. Our effort is to learn the hymns and sing them in parts. That is the activity we are carrying on this year. Our Relief Society women are the backbone of the ward choirs."

Evangeline T. Beesley:

"Sacramental music is important. Poor selection of sacramental music and special numbers does not tend to promote the spirit the speaker is trying to give. I do not think enough attention is given to this matter of music in our church services."

(*To be Continued*)

# WARD TEACHING

## *Thorough Ward Teaching*

WARD teaching offers the most effective opportunity of getting in contact regularly with all members of the Church. If well done, it is the most powerful stimulus to increase of faith and activity on the part of parents and children alike. The religious and ethical problems of the family are discussed in the sacred precincts of the home. Therefore, how necessary it is that the ward teachers enter every home with respect, kindliness, discretion, and real interest in the welfare and progress of every member thereof. The responsibility for the training of the young people of the Church in moral and religious standards rests primarily with the parents. But the ward teachers, by the obtaining of correct information through careful observation and indirect inquiry as to the conditions prevailing in the family, may wisely and discreetly be very helpful in helping the family as a whole to grow in unity, faith, and integrity.

In any family where it may appear that such instruction and training is being neglected, and in fact in the case of every family throughout the Church, it would be a very desirable thing in a tactful, kindly way to urge upon the boys and girls the importance of these characteristics, and upon the parents the necessity of thoroughly inculcating these qualities in the very lives of their children. These things need to be impressed frequently by the parents upon the children so that they may become well established in the observance of the same for their future progress and welfare.

## *Summer Teaching*

BECAUSE some of the ward members are out of town, and some Church organizations are not in regular session, there is a tendency in some wards to slight ward teaching during the summer months. This is contrary to all printed instructions and advice of the Presiding Bishopric. There are many reasons why regular ward teaching is more important during the summer period than at any other time.

The teacher's message should be carefully prepared and visits should be short. It is important, however, that all families be contacted each month in the spirit of real ward teaching.

FOR God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever should believe in Him should have everlasting life."

PRIESTHOOD OF GRIDLEY BRANCH, CALIFORNIA
The Aaronic Priesthood Challenges the Melchizedek Priesthood to an Achievement Contest.

# Ward Teacher's Message for Sept., 1934

*Prepared by* OSCAR W. McCONKIE, *Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric*

## *Elijah's Authority*

RESTORATION

THRICE during the night of September 21, 1823, Moroni, a resurrected American prophet, visited Joseph Smith, Jr., in an upper room of the Smith home, in Manchester, Ontario County, New York, and witnessed that the Priesthood was soon to be revealed by Elijah the prophet; that the promises made to the fathers would be planted in the hearts of the children; that the hearts of the children would turn to their fathers; that such was necessary that the earth be not utterly wasted; that a day of burning awaited the proud and the wicked, and that the Lord would sustain those who feared Him. Thereafter, on April 3, 1836, in the Kirtland Temple, Elijah appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and restored authority sufficient to unlock the prisons of the dead. Promised blessings followed. Research of records long quiet was quickened, becoming world wide.

SCOPE

The Master purposed to "save his people from their sins," both the living and the dead, countless millions of whom are unidentified and whose needs must be administered to vicariously. The mammoth task reaches to the ends of the earth, even beyond the grave and to the world of spirits. The revealed priesthood opens the heavens and indescribable blessings to countless dead are loosed, in which work concourses of devoted persons expend vast sums; erect great temples, and employ armies of workers. Both the spirit of the work and its scope expand continually. The work exemplifies a love that approaches perfection—a work in which there is no desire for or thought of earthly reward nor counting of cost or charge made or bill rendered. The objects of their charity are dead and there can be no claim upon them. But there are compensations, a chief one being the hope that these also may become witnesses of the truth and may eventually enjoy exaltation. Assuming their obedience in all things, these workers prepare themselves, through contribution to the Lord's purposes, for the great and dreadful day of the Lord. By becoming saviors on Mount Zion they honor God.

# AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

## *Outline of Lessons for Adult Aaronic Priesthood Classes*

*Prepared by Elder George W. Skidmore of Logan Ninth Ward, Cache Stake, for use in that ward. Printed by special permission.*

*Continued from the July Era*

### Lesson Thirteen

1. Evidences of the Divinity of the Book of Mormon.
2. Contents of the Book of Mormon; (a) Historical, (b) Doctrinal.
3. What is Scripture?
4. Read or repeat the Eighth Article of Faith, "We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God."

(In this lesson the teacher should engender a desire, in the members of the class, to read and study the Book of Mormon. Teach that the Book of Mormon should be read with much faith and fervent prayer. Call attention to Moroni, Chapter 10, Verses 4 and 5.)

*References*

New Witness for God, Vol. II, by Roberts. Lectures 14 and 15, Articles of Faith, by Talmage. Ecclesiastical History, by Roberts—Footnote, pages 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320 and 321. Seventies' Course in Theology, Part 4, by Roberts.

### Lesson Fourteen

1. Origin of the Bible.
2. Discuss Old Testament and New Testament with relation to each other.
3. Discuss and Explain the Canon of Scripture.
4. Eighth Article of Faith, "We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God."
5. Encourage faith in the Bible and exhort the members of the class to read it and to use it for reference.

*References*

Bible Treasury; Bible Study, page 11; The title of the Bible, page 19, Canon of the Old Testament, page 28; Transmission of the Old Testament, page 32; Language and Text of the New Testament, page 115; Introduction to the New Testament, page 123; History and Chronology of the Bible, page 154. Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 13, pages 240-260. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 26:1. Study the scriptures. How We Got our Bible, by Smyth.

### Lesson Fifteen

1. Review Lessons Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen.

(For this review lesson speak in advance to certain willing members of the class to be prepared to talk on certain subjects or to answer certain questions. If members still seem too backward to respond have officers of the class, or aids take part. To keep up interest on the part of workers, or aids, it is well to have them take frequent part in the class exercises but care must be taken that they do not take up too much time as the class is essentially for the members.)

### Lesson Sixteen

1. Origin of the Pearl of Great Price.
2. Important Teachings of the Pearl of Great Price.
3. Compare Book of Moses with Genesis.
4. Give information on Abraham that is not contained in the Bible.
5. Standard or authorized work of the Church.
6. Other Books recognized as Helps in the Study of the Gospel.
7. Short Inspirational Talk on the First Principles of the Gospel.

*References*

Seventy's Course in Theology, by Roberts, Part 5, Lessons 5, 6, 7. Read Pearl of Great Price; it will not take long. See Title to Book of Moses. History of the Church, Vol. II, pages 235, 236, 238, 286, 348, 349, 350. (Note) 351.

### Lesson Seventeen

1. Origin of Doctrine and Covenants.
2. Style of Doctrine and Covenants.
3. Purpose of Doctrine and Covenants.
4. Teachings on Priesthood Contained in Doctrine and Covenants.
5. Eleventh Article of Faith, "We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may."

(It is our right to believe in and practice the teachings of the Doctrine and Covenants wherein they do not conflict with the law of the land and the decisions of the courts.)

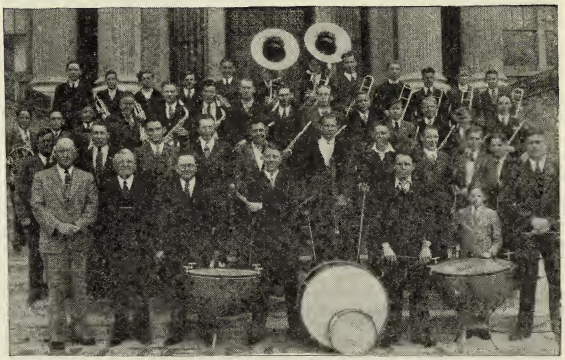
6. Refer to portions of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States which may be associated with the Eleventh Article of Faith.

*References*

Fly leaf to Doctrine and Covenants published in 1921. Explanatory introduction to the Doctrine and Covenants published in 1921. See references on Priesthood in Index and Concordance to the edition of the Doctrine and Covenants published in 1921, page 297. Read Sections 1, 12, 84, 107 of Doc. and Cov. The Seventy's Course in Theology, by Roberts, Part V.

### Lesson Eighteen

1. Church Organization.
2. The First Presidency. Their Authority and Duties.
3. The Quorum of Twelve. Their Authority and Duties.



EAST JORDAN STAKE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ORCHESTRA FEATURED AT APRIL CONFERENCE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CONVENTION AND AT PILGRIMAGE TO GRAVE OF MARTIN HARRIS. CLARKSTON, UTAH, MAY 19, 1934. AT LEFT IN FRONT ROW PRESIDENT HEBER J. BURGON AND COUNSELORS JOHN A. AYLETT AND REID BECK.

4. The Seven Presidents of Seventy. Their Authority and Duties.

5. The Presiding Bishopric of the Church. Their Authority and Duties.

6. Patriarch of the Church. Other Patriarchs.

7. Stakes of Zion. Stake Presidency. High Councils.

8. Ward Bishopric. Quorums in the Priesthood. Ward Teachers.

9. Missions. Mission Conferences. Branches. How organized and who presides in each.

10. Auxiliary Organizations. Name them and state their functions.

11. Conferences: Annual. Semi-annual. Stake. Ward. Mission. Branch.

(Encourage class members to study the Doctrine and Covenants for full information concerning the wonderful way in which our great church functions.)

*References*

Church Directory. Lesser Priesthood and Notes on Church Government. Doc. and Cov., Section 20. Gospel Doctrine—Sundry Topics from page 168 to 250.

## *Social Activities of Boys During the Summer*

ON account of the depressed conditions many more boys and young men are now without employment during the school vacation period than formerly, particularly in the larger centers. This situation justifies the careful consideration and action of all who have the supervision of our young men. These boys will appreciate some group activities that are interesting and at the same time profitable. Such social undertakings need not be elaborate or expensive. Suggestions have already been made from this office relative to such social activities for the Aaronic Priesthood during this season. We recommend that in all of the wards and stakes special consideration be given to this phase of the Priesthood plan, and that particularly in wards and stakes where many young men do not have opportunities to keep busy otherwise, they be given particular and systematic attention in a social way.

## *Preparation of Boys for Ordination as Deacons*

AGAIN we desire to call the attention of Stake Presidencies, Ward Bishoprics and all others concerned with the preparation of the young men for ordination as Deacons, and for advancement in the Priesthood, that the responsibility for the necessary preparation rests with the Ward Bishopric and, under their direction, with the Priesthood Supervisors. It is not a requirement that all boys approaching 12 years shall belong to the Primary. It is a helpful effort on the part of that fine organization to train the boys for this important step in their lives. Occasionally reports come to us from various parts of the Church that Ward Bishoprics will not ordain boys at 12 years unless they have a certificate of graduation from the Primary Association. This should not be. Whether boys approaching 12 years are members of the Primary Association or not, the preparation of EVERY BOY should be given individual attention and consideration by the bishopric and the supervisors, so that they may be prepared and worthy to take this responsibility upon themselves at that age.

## *Aaronic Priesthood—Training in Morals*

THE primary responsibility for the training of the young members of the Church in good habits rests with the parents. This important duty should be stressed with the parents by the ward bishopric. Special efforts should be made with families where the proper training of children is being apparently neglected. But, in addition thereto, the priesthood training comprehends not only the learning of the duties and the regular performance thereof, but also the preparation of all these young men for the finest type of life.

With all of the insidious influences to be encountered by all young men, it is of the most vital importance that all of these boys should have the advice and instruction of the members of the ward bishopric in their quorum gatherings and in all matters affecting their habits and the temptations to which they will be subjected in life. We suggest, therefore, to the members of the bishopric that in the quorum meetings of the various grades of the priesthood of which they have direction, that they occasionally take a few minutes of time to inquire in a kindly way of these young men of the temptations that come to them and how they are affected thereby. Then, in a fatherly way, they should be advised how to combat and overcome such temptations and how to develop discernment and spiritual strength.

*AT the recent conference of the M. I. A. President Heber J. Grant expressed a desire that every young man and woman in the Church might have the privilege of reading two of the tracts published by the Church and used in the mission field. To make this desire of our beloved president possible both pamphlets are to be published in serial form in the Aaronic Priesthood section of the Era. The first installments appear in this department. It is hoped that those who have an interest in the young people of the Church will encourage the reading of these articles by as many as possible. The tracts are published with prefaces exactly as used by the missionaries. The titles of the tracts are "Joseph Smith's Own Story" and "My Reasons for Leaving the Church of England and joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."*

# JOSEPH SMITH'S OWN STORY

### *Extracts from the History of Joseph Smith*

*Written in 1838*

"1. Owing to the many reports which have been put in circulation by evil-disposed and designing persons, in relation to the rise and progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, all of which have been designed by the authors thereof to militate against its character as a Church and its progress in the world—I have been induced to write this history to disabuse the public mind, and put all inquirers after truth in possession of the facts, as they have transpired, in relation both to myself and to the Church, so far as I have such facts in my possession.

"2. In this history I shall present the various events in relation to this Church, in truth and righteousness, as they have transpired, or as they at present exist, being now the eighth year since the organization of the said Church.

"3. I was born in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, on the twenty-third day of December, in the town of Sharon, Windsor county, state of Vermont. My father, Joseph Smith, Senior, left the state of Vermont and moved to Palmyra, Ontario (now Wayne) county, in the state of New York, when I was in my tenth year, or thereabouts. In about four years after my father's arrival in Palmyra, he moved with his family into Manchester, in the same county of Ontario.

"4. His family consisted of eleven souls, namely—my father, Joseph Smith; my mother, Lucy Smith (whose name, previous to her marriage was Mack, daughter of Solomon Mack); my brothers, Alvin (who died November 19th, 1824, in the 27th year of his age), Hyrum, myself, Samuel Harrison, William, Don Carlos; and my sisters, Sophronia, Catherine, and Lucy.

"5. Some time in the second year after our removal to Manchester, there was in the place where we lived an unusual excitement on the subject of religion. It commenced with the Methodists, but soon became general among all the sects in that region of country. Indeed, the whole district of country seemed affected by it, and great multi-

tudes united themselves to the different religious parties, which created no small stir and division amongst the people, some crying, 'Lo here!' and others, 'Lo, there!' Some were contending for the Methodist faith, some for the Presbyterian, and some for the Baptist.

"6. For notwithstanding the great love which the converts to these different faiths expressed at the time of their conversion, and the great zeal manifested by the respective clergy who were active in getting up and promoting this extraordinary scene of religious feeling, in order to have everybody converted, as they were pleased to call it, let them join what sect they pleased —yet when the converts began to file off, some to one party and some to another, it was seen that the seemingly good feelings of both the priests and the converts were more pretended than real; for a scene of great confusion and bad feeling ensued; priest contending against priest, and convert against convert; so that all their good feelings one for another, if they ever had any, were entirely lost in a strife of words and a contest about opinions.

"7. I was at this time in my fifteenth year. My father's family was proselyted to the Presbyterian faith, and four of them joined that church, namely—my mother, Lucy; my brothers Hyrum and Samuel Harrison; and my sister Sophronia.

"8. During this time of great excitement, my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness; but though my feelings were deep and often poignant, still I kept myself aloof from all these parties, though I attended their several meetings as often as occasion would permit. In process of time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect, and I felt some desire to be united with them; but so great were the confusion and strife among the different denominations, that it was impossible for a person young as I was, and so unacquainted with men and things, to come to any certain conclusion who was right and who was wrong.

"9. My mind at times was greatly excited, the cry and tumult were so great and incessant. The Presbyterians were most decided against the Baptists and Methodists, and used all the powers of either reason or sophistry to prove their errors, or, at least, to make the people think they were in error. On the other hand, the Baptists and Methodists in their turn were equally zealous in endeavoring to establish their own tenets and disprove all others.

"10. In the midst of this war of words and tumult of opinions, I often said to myself, What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right; or, are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?

(*To be Continued*)

# OLD FORT HALL

THE first part of August, Idaho will celebrate at Pocatello, the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Fort Hall. This historic spot, located on the Snake River fourteen miles west of the present Fort Hall Agency, was the scene of a turning point in American history. It was built by Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston in 1834 as a trading post, but eventually became a big factor in the United States' gaining possession of California and the Northwest. Here the first sermon and flag raising in Idaho took place, and for years hence was a guide post and haven along the westward trek where the emigrants often decided between California and the Oregon country as their future home.

The historic drama of the past one hundred years will be reenacted at the celebration of the Centennial. The preliminary events will be the Indian Sun Dance which will begin July 31 and continue for three days, and a public reception for all "old timers" on August 4th. Then on Sunday, August 5th, the real celebration will begin with the "Jason Lee" sermon being delivered at 7:30 a. m. on Ferry Butte, near Blackfoot, then followed by special services in the Pocatello churches. The afternoon of the same day, the cornerstone of the Fort Hall Replica as a museum, will be laid, and later in the afternoon and evening, two renditions of the Oratorio, "The Creation" will be presented. On August 6, 7, and 8th, the mornings will be devoted to historical talks by eminent historians and lecturers, followed at noon by parades. The afternoons will be devoted to entertainments and professional stunts, and each evening a magnificent pageant, depicting the high lights of Idaho and western history, will be presented.

About one hundred civic fraternal and religious organizations of southern Idaho are cooperating to put this celebration on, for it will require over two thousand people and many thousands of dollars. An amphitheater of five thousand seats, and a stage four hundred feet long will be erected on the University campus, where the events will take place. In all, Fort Hall Centennial celebration promises to be the biggest attraction ever held in Idaho.

## *Doniphan*

*By Ruth May Fox*

WHAT'S in a name? So often lightly asked
As though it were not worthy of the task
Of one's consideration, e'en a thought—
And yet what marvels one great Name hath wrought!

In looking backward through the stream of time,
Mark you the names that hist'ry doth entwine
With flowers of rhetoric and letters bold,
Disclosing deeds which memory should hold.

As stars shine out from straying, rifting cloud
Then hide again behind the fleecy shroud,
Some names that should be honored pass from sight
Until a trivial word reveals their light.

* * * * *

Honor to one of military fame,
With fervent gratitude we speak his name,
Whose tow'ring speech forbade the vicious strife
Who yielded self and saved a prophet's life.

He, Doniphan, who dared to disobey
His general's order, denounce the fray,
Defy dishonor and the murd'rous throng,
Deserves a place among the brave and strong.

1. Spokane Branch Gold and Green Royalty.
2. Bakersfield, Cal., Queen of Gold and Green Ball.
3. St. Joseph Stake Gold and Green Queen and Maids.
4. Provo Fourth Ward Gold and Green Ball.
5. Swiss-German Mission Drama Cast.
6. Shelley Stake Junior Girls' Spring Festival.
7. Salt Lake 14th Ward Scout-Bee-Hive Operetta Cast.
8. Lehi Stake M Men-Gleaner Banquet.
9. Panguitch Stake Gold and Green Ball Queen and Attendants.
10. Charleston, West Va., M. I. A. Officers and Junior Girls.
11. Snowflake Stake Music Festival.
12. Pontypool, So. Wales, Gold and Green Ball; inset, Queen of Ball.
13. South Sevier Stake M Men-Gleaner Banquet.
14. Utah Stake Site for Summer Camp, Provo Canyon.
15. Boise Stake, Weiser Ward, Gleaner Old-fashioned Party.
16. Picture with no write-up; please tell us who you are!
17. Union Stake Gold and Green Queen and Attendants.

# MUTUAL MESSAGES

*Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices*

**General Superintendency**
**Y. M. M. I. A.**
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
*Executive Secretary*

**General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.**
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.**
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**General Presidency**
**Y. W. M. I. A.**
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
*Executive Secretary*

## *M. I. A. Activities*

1. The Spokane Branch Gold and Green Ball was held in a hall decorated with the M. I. A. colors, and featured a demonstration dance and the crowning of the Queen who was attired beautifully in white. A large group made the affair a real success.

2. Most delightful was the Gold and Green Ball of the Bakersfield Branch, decorated in the colors of the M. I. A. and presenting an exhibition dance, a grand march, and the Queen of the evening, elaborately gowned and attended by maids of honor. The M Men-Gleaner Banquet of the Branch was another lovely spring event, a program being given at the flower-decked tables and the latter part of the evening being spent in dancing.

3. The St. Joseph Stake Gold and Green Ball was one of the most successful events ever staged in the stake, an enthusiastic crowd's enjoyment being eloquent of the delight shared by all.

4. One of the smartest functions of the spring social season was the Gold and Green Ball given by the 4th Ward of Provo. Charming decorations, a lovely orchestra and special features combined to create an almost perfect affair, enjoyed by many.

5. Of great interest in the history of M. I. A. in the Swiss-German mission was the play "Und ich habe noch andre Schafe—" (And I Have Other Sheep) written by Elder Albert A. Pieper especially for the spring conference of the Basle district of the mission. The play, based on a Book of Mormon theme, was prepared and presented in a most effective way. Many requests were received for a repetition of the play, and this was given the following Tuesday in place of the regular M. I. A. meeting.

6. Ninety-six girls out of a possible hundred and three were present at the Junior Girls' Spring Festival of the Shelly Stake, which was carried out with a circus motif and a gay, delightful time had by all.

7. Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls of the 14th Ward, Salt Lake Stake, presented "Betty Lou, the Dream Girl," an operetta to an unusually large audience, and the affair was a most successful climax to the M. I. A. activities of the season.

8. The annual M Men-Gleaner Banquet of the Lehi Stake was a most charming affair and much credit is due those in charge. Attractive tables, with lovely place cards and favors formed a delightful setting for a program and delicious meal, followed by a dancing party.

9. Panguitch Stake North and South wards held one of the outstanding events in their calendar on the occasion of their Gold and Green Ball. The setting for the throne of the Queen, and the march of the Queens and attendants were artistic and beautiful, and a capacity crowd voted the affair most successful.

10. The officers of the M. I. A. in the Charleston Branch (West Virginia) have enjoyed the work of the past season heartily. Junior Girls of the Branch (pictured with the officers) were waitresses at the Adult-Senior Banquet held in the spring, at which there was an attendance of 63, and the affair was one of which to be proud.

11. The accompanying picture is of the Snowflake Stake Music Festival Chorus, which had a write-up in the April *Era*.

12. The first annual Gold and Green Ball held in Pontypool, South Wales, proved to be a huge success. The idea is rather new to the people of the district and the affair attracted considerable attention, the local papers running two articles and illustrations concerning it. "We were able to make new friends through it and to break down much of the prejudice which has existed so that we were able to open up a new field of labor in Pontypool," writes Horace L. Hulme, and President Frank R. Bennett of the Welch district informing us that:

The Mayor and Mayoress of Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, were among the more than 300 members and friends who attended.

During the evening His Worship the Mayor crowned Sister Ivy Forward Queen of the Ball. She was surrounded by eight lovely attendants. Miss Forward is a member of the Pontypool Branch.

In his address the mayor explained to the large audience that the fundamental purpose of the ball was to make friends, and declared he knew this objective had been attained. He complimented the "Mormon" people for their honesty, and said he was pleased at the work members of the Church are doing in Merthyr Tydfil. "Mormonism" is more and more being recognized as a world movement of remarkable power, he said.

13. The M Men-Gleaner Banquet of the South Sevier Stake was attended by more than 200 young men and women. The theme, "The Race of Life," was effectively carried out in the program. A good meal at attractive tables, a fine program and a social dance made the evening most delightful.

14. Utah Stake has the site for a new summer camp, and work is going on apace. It is anticipated that much joy and blessing will attend the project. The picture was taken when the 2nd Ward of Provo served dinner to the workmen on the building.

15. The Gleaner old-fashioned party of the Weiser Ward, Boise Stake, was an event long to be remembered, both for the pleasure experienced by those in attendance and the appearance of the costumes of another day.

16. Every now and then a picture is sent in to the *Era* office with a write-up but no story or name is on the photograph, and if by chance the two become separated there is nothing to explain the picture. No. 16 is such an unidentified photograph. Won't someone who recognizes it please write and tell the *Era* who and what it is?

17. The Gold and Green Ball of Union Stake presented one problem—how to make room for the crowd. Eight hundred people assembled this year to participate; the local press called it "the event of the season." Six queens with their attendants represented all that was fine and beautiful in M. I. A.

*Oakley, Idaho,* reports unusual success in their drama program last spring. It is to be hoped that next year will see even greater accomplishments along this line.

*The New York District* held a Spring Frolic as a wind-up to the year's activities, at which they featured an old-fashioned Waltz contest, danced to "Springtime in the Rockies." The

prizes were autographed copies of "The Art of Social Dancing," by Mr. Lawrence Hostettler, who judged the dance. Guests were in attendance from a distance of forty miles.

*Lankershim Ward,* Hollywood Stake, writes of success in their Senior department, both in class study and activity. The latter featured a Trip Around the World, a Valentine Ball, a "Heinz" supper, to which the company named donated most of the food (through the efforts of a member of the class, employed by the Heinz organization), and a beach party. They are looking forward to next year.

## *Sunday Evening Joint Program for September*

THIS Sunday evening program is to be made up entirely by ward officers in order that they may make it fit especially the needs of their various wards in introducing the M. I. A. program for the year. An effort should be made to have the program well prepared and so presented as to give the Mutual season an excellent start.

Music, the dramatic reading, and the story may be called upon to assist in making the meeting significant. A special effort should be put forth to encourage a large attendance of the ward membership.

The slogan for the year is: "By My Actions I Will Prove My Allegiance to the Church."

It might be well to seek the cooperation of the Bishops and have them take part on the program. They might introduce the officers or they might be induced to say something in support of the program. At this meeting the various manuals might be briefly reviewed, or the reading course books might be suggested.

The committee feels confident that ward officers will be able to make a program that will give impetus during the entire year to the M. I. A. work.

## *The Importance and Method of Record Keeping*

*From June Conference*

THE office of a secretary is an important one because you are the recorders of the history of all things pertaining to your association. Upon you rests the responsibility of recording the changes that occur among the officers and teachers; the time and place of meetings; the instructions received from general and stake boards—in fact all important items for the welfare and growth of your association. These things should be recorded accurately, neatly and at the time they occur. It is a very dangerous practise to let your notes get cold before recording them as one can so easily forget the details of the event that has happened. Secretaries should develop a keen perception as to what should be recorded so that their records will not be filled with things that are not essential. Let me suggest that secretaries be a little early to their meetings so that they can deliver to the teachers, all blanks necessary to give the needed information from each class; then also, the secretaries will be there ready to take down the minutes of the meetings.

It is characteristic of civilized nations to preserve the thoughts and deeds of their people so that future generations may have the benefit of their experience and knowledge; you secretaries should preserve your records in order that those who succeed you may be able to know just what has taken place up to the time they enter office.

So important is this matter of recording that God said to the Prophet Joseph Smith on April 6, 1830, "Behold there shall be a record kept among you." From that day to this there has been a record kept by the Church of every important event that has transpired in it. To Lehi the Lord gave a commandment to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get the brass plates, which contained an account of the history of the world from its creation down to the time of Jeremiah the Prophet. Laban the keeper of these plates was killed so that these records might be brought to Lehi. The Book of Mormon points out how the people of Zarahemla, who were the descendants of Mulek, had gone into idolatry and had but tradition to guide them. They knew nothing of God or His Son Jesus Christ. They had perished in unbelief. How different were the Nephites who knew, through means of the history on the brass plates, how God had dealt with His people and revealed himself to them.

The Nephites kept records even though they had to engrave their history upon metal. They protected their plates which contained their history by hiding them in hills and moving them from place to place to keep the Lamanites from destroying them.

Another example of the importance of record keeping is shown when our Savior was among the Nephites after His resurrection. He called Nephi to him and said:

"Bring forth the record which ye have kept.

"8. And when Nephi had brought forth the records, and laid them before him, he cast his eyes upon them and said:

"9. Verily I say unto you, I commanded my servant Samuel, the Lamanite, that he should testify unto this people, that at the day that the Father should glorify his name in me that there were many saints who should arise from the dead, and should appear unto many, and should minister unto them. And he said unto them: Was it not so?

"10. And his disciples answered him and said: Yea, Lord, Samuel did prophesy according to thy words, and they were all fulfilled.

"11. And Jesus said unto them: How be it that ye have not written this thing, that many saints did arise and appear unto many and did minister unto them?

"12. And it came to pass that Nephi remembered that this thing had not been written.

"13. And it came to pass that Jesus commanded that it should be written; therefore it was written according as he commanded."—3 Nephi 24:7-13.

A careful study of the scriptures reveals the fact that from the days of Adam records have been kept.

I sincerely hope that these few remarks may stimulate you all to remember your duties. May I again impress upon your minds the need of keeping your records accurately, neatly, and recording the events at the time of their happening. May God bless you and give you the spirit of record keeping.—*A. Wm. Lund.*

## *My Month to Month Work*

FOR a record book for our stake association I use a loose leaf book with the following divisions: first—a complete roll and minute of our weekly stake board meetings; next—a record of all appointments of stake board members to the different wards; then a complete roll and minute of monthly stake conventions. Following this I keep a record of all stake socials and contests. This department also includes all newspaper clippings or write-ups of ward and stake activities. Next I have a letter file in which I have all letters from the General Board, also copies of all letters on questionnaires sent out to the wards from our Board; and last, but not least, a sort of directory of all ward officers. This is made up at the first of our mutual year and a copy is given to all board officers.

Now a word about reports. I should like to suggest to the stake secretaries that when they receive their monthly report blanks to distribute to the wards that they suggest to the ward secretary to fasten them in the ward roll and minute book so that they will not be lost and may be taken to the last meeting in the month when all reports should be made out. In this way stake secretaries will receive them on time.

I would like to leave two thoughts with you. Do not procrastinate in your work and be humble and prayerful. This I ask in all sincerity.—*Wallace I. Secrist.*

## *The Value I Find in the Monthly Report of Accomplishments*

IN almost every business office a trial balance is compiled every month so that those interested can tell what has been accomplished. In my opinion

the Monthly Report of accomplishment is the trial balance of the M. I. A.

There is a particular accomplishment for every month of the Mutual year and this monthly report will show whether we have reached our aim and if not where we have fallen short.

Our monthly report also gives the enrollment and attendance and we can ascertain whether the present month's enrollment and attendance are comparable to the same month the previous year without referring to our rolls.

In the compilation of the stake monthly report of accomplishment Granite Stake types a comparative sheet listing the Wards and showing what they have done. We show the enrollment and average attendance of the previous year in comparison with the present year. By this means the stake M. I. A. presidency, stake board, ward presidents and secretaries are able to see how their ward ranks with the other wards in the stake.—*Della Rasband.*

# The Glorious Possibilities For Us of a Religious Crisis

(*Continued from page 466*)

must see clearly, else it shall be the blind leading the blind—or better the blind trying to lead those who can see. Clear vision is often a mark of youth.

I said a moment ago that never before has the world been so in need of a spiritual interpretation of truth. Let us look at some of the concrete problems this presents to youth.

The pioneers were faced with a physical world to conquer. Their frontier was largely actual—plains, rivers, mountains, deserts and forests. The Gospel gave them vision —witness this beautiful Temple Block—which you and I today enjoy and for which we should be so reverently grateful—this Temple Block which 87 years ago today was a sun-baked desert defying the plow to tame it. The Gospel gave the pioneers courage to bear sorrow; strength to overcome difficulty, and unexcelled joy and spiritual exaltation in achievement.

Well, what has youth ahead of it? The physical frontier is all but gone. The conquering of deserts, plains, and mountains has been done. Is there then nothing to challenge the best—nay even the heart-breaking efforts of our youth? Yes, for the physical frontier of yesterday is as nothing compared to the mental, social, religious frontiers of today!

What is there to achieve?

The making of the race safe from extinction by vehicular traffic. Here in the center stake of Zion—Salt Lake City—19 of God's children have had life snuffed out in automobile accidents since the 1st of the year!

What is there to achieve?

The elimination of disease.

Do you know that right here in the center stake of Zion—Salt Lake City, that last year 257 people died of heart disease? 156 people died of cancer? 111 people died of Brights disease? 65 died of appendicitis? and that Salt Lake City stands at the top of the list of American cities by virtue of its having the highest death rate from appendicitis in the country, and that its maternity death rate is appalling? 59 people died of cerebral hemorrhage, 38 people died of pulmonary tuberculosis, 13 people died of other kinds of T. B.

What is the challenge of clearing a wasteland compared with the challenge of these figures.

What is there to achieve? The elimination of poverty! Can you go amidst the squalor and hunger and pain in many parts of our own widely touted city beautiful without being stirred to do something about it?

What is there to achieve? The elimination of crime! What a sad commentary on our national life that a man known to be a criminal of the first magnitude cannot be apprehended save on the bitterly ironic grounds that he evaded paying the government a tax on his ill-gotten wealth.

What is there to achieve? World peace! How long will the silly human race permit war lords, munitions magnates and paranoiac dictators to control its destiny?

GLORIOUS challenge! O brethren and sisters, never before have we been so in need of interpreting the truth of the Gospel in the light of the new frontier. We are beset with doubts and disturbances and petty difficulties which loom large because of their proximity (the moon millions of times smaller can completely eclipse the sun) but we must override them. Lest we ourselves be too remote let us look at a suggestive few of these disturbances:

There has been of late much talk about the gap between age and youth until it has been magnified to ridiculous distortion. Of course there is a gap between youth and age. There always has been, there always will be. Why not? The gap will never be bridged until biochemistry has gained complete control of our glands. To bewail an unavoidable fact is the height of foolishness. The fact is there: We must not only face it, we must capitalize on it. The needs of the old differ from the needs of the young and the Gospel must supply both—but by different technics. Woe to the old who says youth has gone astray because youth interprets truth in terms of his own world and woe to the youth who refuses to profit by the experience of the old, casting it off merely as old fangled. The talk preceding mine has beautifully presented this aspect. Let Age not stand in Youth's way as he pioneers into new unknowns—unknowns where maybe Age cannot for the moment follow, where, like Moses, Age must watch Youth go into the promised land alone. Let Youth not be impetuous to the point of folly by spurning the wisdom, the struggle, the achievements of Age—achievements, remember, which made the very existence of Youth possible and on whose fine foundations Youth must build. The Gospel is for both—each in his several way. Think of the glory of it! The limitless beauty of it!

On numerous occasions of late, I have heard the Church criticized —by persons young and old and both foolish—because apostles have expressed divergent opinions on relatively minor matters. Surely the Church is going to ruin when its authorities disagree! Think of it!

Whoever heard of criticizing physics because Compton and Milikan, two of the world's greatest authorities in the field of physical science, with the same body of data at their command, hold diametrically opposing views.

If every apostle is going to think like every other apostle, why on earth have twelve of them? But

have you ever heard divergent opinion among them on Christ and Him crucified? When they speak as a quorum, they speak as one man—and look at what richness their divergent experiences bring to their counsels! How may we not profit by them!

BEWARE of intolerance. I heard of a stake president who refused to permit the singing of one of our contest songs in his stake because it was Roman Catholic. I should like to remind that brother that the first big Roman Catholic Mass in Utah was celebrated in a Mormon building with the full consent of President Brigham Young. Intolerance is a symptom of fear. What is the Church of Jesus Christ of L. D. S. when it cannot withstand critical inquiry? What is this Gospel when in discussing this principle or that we are told we mustn't talk about this or we mustn't talk about that. I want to bear my solemn testimony this day that the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is Christ's truth revealed by the power of God for you and me and for our present and continuing salvation. Intolerance—save personal intolerance for our own wrongdoing—has no place in it.

Beware of self-righteousness, Complete self-satisfaction is one of the most effective means of damming up utterly the channels of truth. Mark the Pharisees.

Beware, as leaders, of overemphasizing one important principle to neglect the others. Overemphasis of one often cloaks shortcomings in obeying another. The saving of your soul and mine depends on proper emphasis in all principles.

Beware of merely following a manual comfortably supplied by the General Boards. All our work you must interpret for the good of *your* organization.

O, there is so much to be done. The new frontiers are so challenging. We cannot afford like Othello, "to stand mammering on" while precious and irrevocable moments are speeding us on. Let's stop talking about crises; let's not look glum. Let's rise with high hearts and glad voices and meet the new world and its challenge, fortified by the tempting fires of the Gospel. God give us vision, God grant us strength, God give us joy; and to Him be the honor and the glory for ever and ever!

# The Religious Crisis of Today

(*Continued from page* 468)

LEADERS of youth in the M. I. A.—what can we do? Certain it is we cannot dismiss the individual problems of boys and girls simply because their great-grandfathers had similar problems; we must regard every young person who has a question as we would an investigator, and give each the same prayerful consideration. The way of youth may not be our way; their language may seem frank and strange and irreverent to us; but to them we, perhaps, appear strange too. We might regard youth and maturity as travelers, bound for an oriental port. Youth may travel east, into the rising sun; age may go west, toward the evening shadows; but at their common destination they will meet and realize that both were headed straight in their course of travel; but there will always be between them the difference of experience along the way. Has not the cumulative power of Mormonism in a century been sufficient to form a cement, joining all truths and desire for truth into a oneness—a unified search in which all members, regardless of age, can set forth together? Is there a place—a legitimate and reverent place—for inquiry in the building of a testimony? We answer—we *must* answer—yes; and say that the basis of doubt and inquiry has been the genius of the Church; the power through which members have fought their way into it.

James E. Talmage, asked how he received his testimony, replied:

> "Though I seem to have been born with a testimony, yet in my early adolescence I was led to question whether that testimony was really my own or derived from my parents. I set about investigating the claims of the Church, seeking a way out if its claims should prove to me unsound. After months of such inquiry * * * I was convinced of its truth once for all, and this knowledge is so fully an integral part of me that without it I would not be myself."

Another conversion is described as follows:

> "At first he was prejudiced against the doctrines, but as the elder continued to preach * * * it produced an extraordinary effect upon the mind of Daniel Spencer. For two weeks he closed his establishment and refused to do business with anyone; he shut himself up to study and there alone with his God he weighed in the balance of his clear head and conscientious heart the message he had found. * * * One day * * * he exclaimed, bursting into a flood of tears: 'The thing is true, and as an honest man I must embrace it, but it will cost me all I have on earth. He saw that in the eyes of his friends and townspeople he must fall from the social pinnacle on which he stood to that of a despised people, but he stepped off like a man."

These, which have been the experiences of many born in the Church and out, explain the marvel which is the power of the Gospel. With a membership largely constituted of those who have joined the Church after searching investigation—who have questioned the beliefs of their fathers—we cannot say, consistently, that youth has no right to question religion as any other human concern and evaluate it in terms of individual worth.

I WISH I might be given inspiration to suggest to you leaders potent means of reaching and holding all the young people of the Church; I shall leave what I hope might be one helpful thought; and it is this:

Listen to what they have to say; open your hearts and minds to their problems. Never bid them be silent but inspire them to cry out to you the innermost questions of their souls. Forget your own convictions in listening to them; remember your convictions only when you come to make reply.

One woman has said:

> "The rapid social reorganization of the time has made flexibility necessary, and only those who are alert and vital, who are curious about life, elastic enough to assimilate new ways of thinking and living can adjust themselves to altered circumstances and face the future without fear."

Youth and age both can and will and do accept the rooted principles of the Gospel—the fundamentals. As a Church, I repeat, we accept the Divinity of Christ, the restoration through Joseph Smith and the authority of God held by those commissioned today to speak in His

name. This is the anchor to which we must—and do—and will hold. Securely anchored thus we may look into every new theory, every new belief, every new thought, and accept what is of value to us. As leaders, what can we do, I ask again; and again give answer: Listen to youth and learn from them; talk to youth and teach them! Lose no opportunity to light from your fire of belief the fuse which will ignite in them a spark of testimony—that electric force which will generate in them energy to work for the Church; heat to warm them to the Gospel; light to illumine their way toward a realization of that highest conception of intelligence as the Glory of God. May God grant us the reward of seeing the crisis of religion today turned toward the great and glorious possibilities which are inseparably bound up in these latter days with our great and glorious Church—the Church of Jesus Christ!

## Latter-day Saint Youth and the New Day

(*Continued from page* 464)

community an empty building is available for a public library, perhaps another where a community orchestra may practice, tennis courts to be made, a ball field and perhaps golf links may be built. We have never quite tested our great cooperative powers. Fifth: let us—and you may need only the suggestion—call youth to a thousand homes for happy parties, afternoons and evenings of delight when Father and Mother may be present, and home become a joyous place. Sixth: let us find those individuals or groups *who can create work*, work whereby our young people may be able to employ their time in useful pursuits and make sufficient money that they may feel a justifiable pride in their independence. Finally, let us find the genius among us who can make the proper contacts with youth, through perhaps, many happy situations that he will devote himself to the enriching opportunities of our great religious life.

If Latter-day Saint youth really participate in the glories of a new day, then we their leaders must show by our actions our faith in God, and faith in the divine mission of Joseph Smith. We must set a worthy example and have faith in youth. The task is hard, it calls for the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the courage of Daniel, but if we will prepare ourselves constantly, seeking knowledge out of the best books and through earnest prayer for constant divine guidance, then with happy personal contact, sympathetically working with youth our lives will be enriched and Latter-day Saint youth will truly come to a new day and the Church of God will go forward!

## Glimpses of June Conference

(*Continued from page* 455)

chosen a counselor to B. Morris Young, the first president. He called up to the stand from the audience, Hyrum H. Goddard, of Ogden, who was the first secretary of that first organization. These two men are the only survivors of that first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association organized 60 years ago, and each has been active and interested in the work and growth of the organization during that period.

The spotlight of interest in Sunday meetings of the convention was centered upon the First Presidency, President Grant and Presidents Anthony W. Ivins and J. Reuben Clark, Jr. The three spoke to the largest assembly of the conference Sunday afternoon in the Tabernacle, and President Grant made his stirring appeal for loyalty to the ideals of the Church and gave his inspiring testimony, already mentioned, at the Sunday evening meeting.

President Clark, first speaker of the meeting, made a stirring appeal for a realization of the importance of the Gospel. He said, in part:

"Let all your activities, everything that you do in life, let them all lead unto this great fundamental fact, that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, the Only Begotten, and there shall come to you in this life joy and peace and happiness; there shall come to you more satisfaction in living and following this life than anything else you could do in this world; and in the life which is to follow after this there shall come eternal lives—the highest glory which can come to man.

"The work that the Mutual Improvement Associations are doing in the matter of the cultural development of our people can hardly be measured. To think that great chorus of 3,100 voices, assembled from all parts of the Church, coming here together and uniting in those great songs which they sang for us last night, and to think that in addition to this music we have had contests also in the drama, and in forensic speaking, and in other activities, gives cause for just pride.

"In so far as I know, there is nothing in the law which is the equivalent or even the rival of the Mutual Improvement Associations in the matter of cultural development, and for my part I sincerely hope that they will go on in the development of music, art, drama, literature and in the other things in which they are engaged, because out of that will come to us as a people—a cultural development which seems to be found in no other agency at present existing."

A GREAT challenge to the M. I. A. and Primary Association leaders was given by President Anthony W. Ivins, when he stressed the purpose of these organizations. He said, in part:

"The purpose of the organizations is to take children in their very early life into the Primary Association and from there graduate them into the Mutual Improvement Associations, in order that they may become familiar with the doctrines of the Church, and its ideals, and thus become a support and strength to the general organization.

"This being the case, the members of these associations must be in harmony with the faith, with the ideals, with the ultimate purpose of the Church to which they are attached.

"The foundation of the Church rests upon a few fundamental principles. First, we believe in God the Eternal Father, the creator of the earth upon which we dwell; in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that these three doctrines embody the fundamental principles of the Church.

"We believe that the Bible contains the word of God, our Father, for the guidance of his children, insofar as its contents have been properly translated. Up to this time our faith is in harmony with that of the great majority of Christian people of the world; differing in detail, it is true; but we go one step further and declare to the people of the world that we also believe the Book of Mormon to contain the word of God. To believe in these doctrines is to be in harmony with the Church. To doubt them or disbelieve them or regard them with indifference is not in harmony with the Church, the purpose of its organization nor the ideals which it aspires to reach.

"The Church believes and teaches that it was through Joseph Smith and by the interposition of a divine decree coming from God our Father, that this new Gospel dispensation was ushered in in the day in which we live. Is this true? Are we to believe it? How are these young people who are members of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church to determine this question, whether or not these doctrines of the Church, to which I have so briefly referred are truth or error?

"It would have been unjust for God our Father to leave us without a means by which we might come to this definite knowledge. This question was propounded to Christ our Lord, and what was his answer to it? 'Whosoever shall do the will of the Father will know of the doctrine, whether it is true or whether I speak of myself'."

President Grant gave a particular message to the assembly that afternoon. It was that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had the truth and the authority to officiate in the name of God. He said:

"I am so grateful for the testimonies that we have. I am so grateful that God has appeared in our day and that Jesus has appeared to men in our day. I am so grateful to God that He allowed John the Baptist, the very man who baptized the Savior of the world, to come to earth and lay his hands upon the heads of Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith and bestow upon them the lesser Priesthood, whereby they were entitled to baptize each other. And he promised them that although he had not the right to bestow upon them the higher Priesthood, the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, Peter, James and John, the identical men that labored as Apostles with the Savior during his life and after his crucifixion, would come and restore the higher Priesthood.

"I am grateful for these truths. We have the truth, we have the power, we have the authority, we have everything that was enjoyed in ancient days by those who labored during the life of the Savior and after His crucifixion. And there are no flaws in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I want to bear witness that from my childhood until today I have known of none of all my acquaintances who have kept the commandments of God who has ever departed from this truth, who has ever turned to the right or the left.

"I know of none who has lived in harmony with the teachings of the Church who has not remained in that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. I have seen men in high and exalted positions lose their standing. I have read that one-half of the men that were Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in the early history of the Church turned aside. Why? Because they failed to keep the commandments of God.

"I know of no man losing his faith who was an honest, conscientious tithepayer, who observed the Word of Wisdom, who attended his sacrament meetings, partook of the sacrament, and otherwise lived his religion and was where he ought to be to get the inspiration of the spirit of God. You cannot transfer to others that which you get yourself. I can no more give a man a testimony of this Gospel than I can eat for him. I can tell him how to get it.

"I can tell him of the blessings of God to me. But each and every man must live the Gospel if he expects to obtain an individual testimony of the divinity of this work."

A SCENE IN HOLLAND

AN excellent program, featuring the messages of young people, was presented Sunday evening, as the concluding feature of the conference. This program was presented under the direction of the M Men and Gleaner Girls of the Church.

Entertainment features, included, in addition to the contests, the great music festival; the annual outing and general board reception to several thousand workers at Saltair, Friday evening, at which the boards furnished luncheon to all. A colorful session of stake superintendents and presidents was held as a dinner Saturday noon in the historic Lion House.

This is, in a brief way, a picture of the conference. It is impossible to tell what occurred in all of the meetings and especially the department sessions, which were apparently more interesting than ever, partly due to the fact that all department manuals were printed and available for discussion.

Inspired by their leaders, charmed with the new program features as explained to them and with a renewed determination to "carry-on," the 5,000 delegates to the M. I. A. conferences, returned to their homes, to pass on this enthusiasm in a new year's work with more than 200,000 members the world over.

# Architect, Verily

(Continued from page 457)

When she came into the kitchen, Jim was at the well after water. She braced herself for the ordeal of meeting him. After last night —she wished she could forget last night.

"Jim!" she pleaded, when he appeared with the gleaming brass bucket, adrip with its coolness, "I'm so sorry!"

"No need be, Mary," he answered gently, but there was no trace of feeling in the words, only bleak self-condemnation. She wanted him to forget all the past and take her in his arms. But there was neither light in his eyes nor warmth in his voice.

"I have killed his love!" she told herself in a panic, but there was work waiting. Now was no time to plead. She must get her man's breakfast. He must get back on the job. The men had been called back to work on the meeting house. She hurried through the motions of getting his meal. A few swallows of roasted barley coffee and a taste of wholewheat mush, and Jim pushed the breakfast away with silent distaste. He took his cap and the proffered pail of lunch automatically. Silently he turned to go.

"Jim!" Mary grasped his arm. He faced her again.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"If you like." There was no trace of warmth in the kiss. Jim was wrapped in an abstraction that seemed to shut her out.

## III.

### The Mission Call

FARMINGTON was celebrating. The finished meeting house had that day been dedicated. President Brigham Young had come to join in the celebration. With him were a large party from Salt Lake. Surrounding settlements were well represented. The day had been spent in banqueting and programs. Now the evening dance was on. The harvest moon looked down on a scene of merriment. It had taken Farmington a long time to complete her beloved building.

Bishop McDowell beckoned to Counselor Clark.

"I'm leaving the job to you now, Thad," he said. "I wasn't made for gallivantin'. I'm fair spent."

"I'll stay it out," Clark assented. "Have to anyhow. I couldn't drag Betty from such a doin's till the last dog's hung."

The Bishop did not go straight home. Instead, he made his way along the familiar streets to the Burton home.

"Who's there?" came Mary Burton's perturbed query in response to the Bishop's knock.

"Only the Bishop; don't be afeared, Mary."

"Is Jim hurt? What is it?"

"Nothing like that, Mary. I want to have a talk."

"Come in. Sit down. Let me have your hat. Did I seem not very glad to see you? I am glad. It's just that I'm worried sick over Jim. He's away again on another of his—."

"I know, Mary," the Bishop interrupted. "He should have been at the celebration today. It's Jim I've come to talk about."

"Bishop, I feel sometimes that I can stand this no longer. What am I going to do?"

"That we must consider. I wish Jim could have heard Brother Brigham's words today. When the President stepped into the meeting house and looked up at that wide span of roof without a pillar, he brought his cane down with a mighty thump."

" 'That's the roof, Folsom!' he says to the Church architect with him. 'Who designed this?' he asks, turning to me. 'That man knows his business.' Turning to the architect again, he said, 'You could use a man like that in Salt Lake, Folsom.'"

" 'I can,' Folson agreed, 'where can I find him?' "

"It doesn't matter," Mary answered sadly. "We tried living in Salt Lake. We could never go back. If we could only go somewhere away from the liquor!"

"It might be arranged," the Bishop responded. "There's a call for settlers for Nevada. Down south on the Muddy it is. They need a flour mill. Jim could build it. There'll be others needed later on as other settlements spring up. I could have him called."

"Will you?" Mary's voice was eager.

"You don't know what you ask, girl," Bishop McDowell warned. "The heat in summer's terrific. It's a desert. When I thought of you and your children, I hesitated. There'd be no fit homes for a year or two. There's land to clear, dams to make, and ditches to dig before there can be crops. I wouldn't send my worst enemy."

"No heat, no loneliness, no hunger nor pain can be as bad as this. I'll go gladly," Mary insisted.

"You want it, then?"

"More than anything else on earth."

"The call shall come, then. I must go now. God bless you, girl, and make your path clear."

## IV.

### Gone to the Sawmill

MARY BURTON was writing a letter. It had been five years since she had left the green beauty of Farmington for the brilliant colors and heat burned cliffs of Rio Alamo. She was writing to her old friend, Bishop McDowell.

"Jim sends his regards," the letter went on. "He has never touched a drop to drink since we left Farmington. We are building a new meeting house here now. Jim is in charge. He's the busiest, happiest man in the settlement."

"I'm the happiest woman. Our four children are healthy; we have splendid neighbors, a comfortable home, and outside of the ants in my pantry and the coyotes that steal our chickens, no troubles—."

The flow of her narrative was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Beth, run and see who it is," Mary directed. Eager with curiosity, Beth complied.

"A man hunting father," she reported on her return. "I told him to go to the meeting house. He must have molasses. His wagon was full of barrels."

"It's wine, Mother," serious eight-year-old Bobbie corrected. "I heard the men in the store talking. It's wine. They make wine out of grapes, don't they Mother?"

The word "wine" sent a chill through Mary Burton. Wine had come to Rio Alamo. She forgot the letter. Could Jim control his appetite for alcohol? The test was imminent. She felt that they could not flee again as they had fled from Farmington. She found it hard

to resist an impulse to follow the wine peddler to the meeting house. But she knew only too well that the test was up to Jim alone.

It was after six o'clock that evening, while Mary was carrying water to her new rose bushes, that Ed Frost rode up to the Burton gate.

"How-do?" he greeted respectfully. "Nice roses. Brother Burton's gone to the sawmill. Asked me to come by and tell you. Won't be back for a couple of weeks."

"Thanks, Ed," Mary managed. She had received many such messages. In the past they had meant another carouse. Pictures of past rose to torment her. The stupidity of human beings courting temporary insanity had never ceased to amaze her. Why should usually high-minded men want to become brutish idiots? The riddle was beyond her. All through the dreary routine of feeding her children and getting them to bed such thoughts oppressed her.

After they were all asleep, she brought in her sewing basket and worked far into the morning hours, piecing a quilt of her own designing—one she had begun in the spring. The labor dulled the edge of her clamoring nerves. She went to bed at last, and slept. When it was time to get up and resume the daily round of housework, she could have slept on.

During the two weeks following she had need of all the strength she could get from labor. It was not only that there came from the sawmill gossip of drunken orgies. The settlement itself was in an uproar. Everywhere were apparent the effects of that load of wine. Old thirsts, long dormant, were being quenched. Youths new to the taste of wine were eagerly pursuing a new experiment. She could not close her ears to the clamor nor shut out the tales of havoc wine had wrought.

George Brown, sodden with wine, had been thrown from a vicious horse. It was doubtful if he could live. If he did, his brain would never be normal again. Morgan Leith was killed in a drunken quarrel over a visiting girl he had barely met. The Sheriff was called to take dazed Jim Potter away to be tried for a murder he could not remember. Drunken revelers had set fire to Marvin Harris's barn, destroying a year's crop and many dollars' worth of property.

Annie Shelton came and cared for Mary's brood while Mary, skilled with the needle, helped make Morg Leith's burial clothes. Out in the lonely, sun-baked acre Rio Alamo had set apart as a graveyard, a sobered settlement laid away one of its youth. Only then did the men of Rio Alamo begin to realize the full price of a load of wine.

THE meeting house was, of course, at a standstill. It waited on the return of Jim Burton. Mary Burton, trying to frame words of comfort for Morg Leith's mother, helping Mother Brown keep nightly watch over her hopelessly maimed son, watching the sawmill road with weary, hopeless gaze, wondered dully if there was any sorrow more hopeless than her own.

The two weeks passed but Jim did not appear. The suspense was almost unbearable. Only the precious companionship of her little ones kept Mary up.

One night when she was putting the children to bed, in walked Jim, sober.

"Jim!" Mary gasped. "I nearly died!"

"I'm sorry, Mary," was all he could say.

"It has been horrible," Mary went on. "How could you treat us so?"

"You think I have been on another carouse," he interrupted. "I haven't—I have been taking the cure. I bought ten gallons of wine and went along with the others to the sawmill. I wanted to fight this battle out face to face with the enemy. I made up my mind to meet the test and win under every condition. I resisted every invitation to drink. I kept the wine by my bed where I could smell its fragrance day and night. I forced myself to refuse it when I was fresh and when I was tired, when I was full and when I was famished—when I was thirsty and when I was lonely, when I was glad and when I was sad. I did not let up until I had proved my strength under every conceivable situation.

"Mary, we are not going to run from drink any more. I'm cured. What is there in the house to eat? I could make a meal off a singed bobcat."

DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the braves of any country or of any age.—*Ruskin.*

# Under the Hollyhocks

*By MABEL WEST LILLIE*

*I WATERED the hollyhocks down by the gate,*
*One evening,*
*And guess if you can what was under the leaves,*
*With round, bulging eyes looking bold as you please*
*From under the hollyhocks, down by the gate*
*One evening?*

*A great, big hoptoad! He gave me a wink,*
*Now what did he mean? I just couldn't think*
*That evening;*
*It came to me then; he just hated to scrub*
*Or mind his good wife and get into the tub,*
*For under the leaves of his hollyhock bower,*
*He patiently waits till I turn on the shower*
*Each evening.*

# Courage

(Continued from page 469)

morrow. My things have been moved to our new apartment—June's and mine. And I've got a new job to go to."

OLD Jake stared. His mouth moved, but in his rage he couldn't speak. He pounded the table again.

"She's poor—no prestige—no name. She works hard every day, but I love June and she loves me. My allowance—weekly expense account that has to be accounted for every month; that job in your company; they can't give me love; we may have a hard struggle for awhile, but we'll be happy, don't worry. That's the trouble with you, Granddad. You've been too busy making money to consider that people have souls—that they want happiness and love—that money can't give them those."

Old Jake's cane beat a tattoo on the highly polished floor and he swore and glared at Victor like a wild man. "You young fool; how far do you think you'll get without money? See how long this girl will love you; go to her, go to your love nest and starve. See how long you can live off of love, you idiot."

"Goodbye, grandpa," said Victor, "watch your blood-pressure and take your tonic." He walked hurriedly out of the library door.

"You'll come back on your knees, you imbecile. I'll show you. You can't trifle with Jake Rholler's plans—you—."

The squeaky old voice trailed down the corridor behind Vic.

And he and June were married. Old Jake raved on. Nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends tried to console the old man—to sympathize with him, but he only became more infuriated—more determined to show this young boy that he was not to be trifled with.

One night, two months later, the old man died in his sleep, and the relatives and friends whispered among themselves.

All the relatives and acquaintances had been summoned by Attorney Smith to be present for the reading of the Will. Victor preferred to stay away, but June said that it was only proper that they should be there, out of due respect.

The spacious gold room of the Rholler mansion seemed exceedingly quiet, as the attorney stood in the center of the room before a small, round marble-topped table and broke the seal of the Will.

Muffled whispers and snickers floated about the place. Cold inquisitive eyes glanced at Victor and June. Vic clutched June's hand and she looked happily up into his pleasant, young face, as they sat waiting—waiting out of respect for his grandfather.

"What a fool!" was the general thought of those present, "stubborn, obstinate boy—why he could have had millions."

"Silence." The tall, grey, dignified attorney began the reading. " 'To my nephews, nieces and cousins'," the lawyer read, " 'They have all been exceedingly considerate of me—very kind and thoughtful indeed'."

SMILES appeared on many faces, beaming with pleasure, and there were bright sparkles in eyes intent with expectation.

The attorney continued. " 'Therefore, I bequeath to each and every one of them, one thousand dollars'."

A low murmur, like the buzzing of many bees, filled the room; smiling faces turned to frowning ones; the lustre in the eyes of some disappeared, and there was a general air of surprised dissatisfaction.

" 'To each and every house servant and to John Moehller, my chauffeur, for faithful services, I also bequeath one thousand dollars'," read the attorney.

Smiles appeared on the servants' faces and now and then a tear found its way down a housemaid's cheek, and even Jennie the old cook's eyes were red and stained. Old Mr. Rholler had remembered them.

But utter contempt showed on the faces of nephews and cousins, and various sounds of disapproval were evident.

Then the lawyer resumed his reading. " 'To my grandson, Victor Rholler, who was not so considerate or thoughtful of me; who disregarded most of my wishes; who married in opposition to my desires—'."

Wondering eyes peered about at other puzzled eyes and heads nodded "I told you so" and a little smile now and then lit up a sullen face, or a sneer appeared as a substitute.

The attorney read on—" 'but, he was honest, sincere and not deceitful; he was courageous and brave; he dared face poverty and uncertainty for love. Therefore, I bequeath the remainder of my estate to Victor Rholler, my grandson'."

# Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

(Continued from page 473)

worship. I remember how green we all were with respect to yoking up cattle or milking cows or greasing the wagon or in doing anything that pertained to frontier or pioneer life.

AT Florence when our two yoke of cattle and wagon were turned over to us, my father got on the off side of the cattle and tried to drive them. Of course, they were frightened and ran away down the hill to where the present engine house of the Omaha water works now stands at Florence. But we soon learned to manage things. The little tent which we had would be folded up carefully and tied behind the wagon. The tent poles, the two props and the roof pole would be tied together and there was a place for them in the wagon. Our bedding was all carefully taken care of and so we journeyed on. At noon the cattle would be unhitched, perhaps not always unyoked, and after eating a little we would give them a drink, and in the course of an hour and a half or two hours we were plodding on our road again. Of course, there are inconveniences and more or less hardship in that mode of travel but as I was a child of 11 years of age I do not remember the hardships; on the contrary, I rather enjoyed the whole trip. One thing that I distinctly remember is seeing tens of thousands of buffalo on the hills west of Kearney.

Sometimes the captain would have to stop the train and allow herds of buffaloes to slowly cross the wagon road and as they were in

very large numbers this would occupy sometimes an hour. We often had buffalo meat to eat. It was very sweet and good. We would get long strips of it and hang it up to dry in the hot sun and when it was thoroughly dried it could be kept for days and weeks and was much better eating than chipped beef.

Every night the wagons were formed in a circle at some level convenient place for camping near water and each wagon would start its campfire and cook supper, what little cooking there was to do, which consisted mostly of baking bread in an iron skillet, a utensil about eighteen inches in diameter, about four or five inches deep, made of cast iron. It had a heavy lid and it had three or four short legs to raise the body of the skillet from the ground and admit the fire underneath and then we put coals on top of the heavy lid. We often had difficulty in finding wood to burn as there were so many trains and so many camping places and no forests, whatever. It was a question to find something to make a fire. The best fuel we had on the plains where there was no wood at all, was what was called "buffalo chips," which in reality is simply sundried buffalo dung. After the cows were milked in the morning the milk that was not used would be put in a tin churn and strapped along side of the wagon and by noon it would be thoroughly churned and butter could be gathered and buttermilk could be had for lunch.

The thunder and lightning and rain storms that transpired periodically along the plains of Nebraska were something terrific and occasioned us some inconvenience and considerable fright. The Indians were very plentiful and sometimes a little troublesome although we never had any conflict whatever with them, but I can remember that they were a haughty and insolent lot, as they would ride upon their ponies decked in their feathers and paint and would frighten most of us people who were not used to them.

WE young ones walked with bare feet most of the way across the plains. We soon got used to the wagon and tent and campfire life. Our bedding was rolled in bundles in the morning and the bundles simply unrolled at night upon the ground, thus the beds were made again. Altogether it was rather an enjoyable time for a boy of my age than any hardship. At least if it was a hardship I did not feel it so. Of course to my father and mother at their time of life it must have been very different, and, no doubt, they suffered great inconvenience and more or less trial and sacrifice in it all.

We suffered no loss until we reached the crossing of Green River on the old immigrant road. At this point one of our best oxen lay down and died. This left us with three oxen and two cows. We yoked up one of the cows with the odd ox and traveled right along, as our load through consuming our provisions, was becoming lighter each day. The last Sunday of the trip was spent near Parley's Park, a day's travel with oxen from Salt Lake City. George A. Smith and other leading brethren came over the mountain to greet us and welcome us to our new country.

On Monday, September 3rd, we came out of the canyon and onto the bench near Fort Douglas, and I can very well remember with what joy and pleasure each one of our company, and even I, myself, looked upon the little growing city in the wilderness. We felt that all of our troubles and trials were practically at an end, when as a matter of fact, they had only just begun, for all the changing vicissitudes of pioneer life had to be undertaken and gone through with. Many things were difficult to learn and carry on.

# Recreation for Girls and Women

(*Continued from page* 486)

one into the pattern of the other.

Their creative tendencies differ, also. Beatrice, intelligent and cultured, is better able to appreciate beauty and enjoy creating it. Ida, working with her hands all day, must have a more thrilling, exciting outlet in hours of leisure. However, the love of excitement and bright colors and brilliant lights which characterized Ida can be turned to a love for other forms of beautiful embodiment, and Ida, in this way, awakened to the joys of creative endeavor. Dramatics, dancing, music and handcrafts (the latter perhaps confined to the making of decorative things for her to wear) are all-important.

Social activities at this, the mating age, must give opportunity for normal association with boys, under proper direction, parties, home-groups, outings, community affairs, clubs, church affairs—all give excellent opportunity if the proper leadership is there to guide.

Mental recreation is not important with either type—both want more to go places and do things. Study clubs with recreational aspects, games at parties, and home games can be made to fill in crevices of interest, but at this age they are not paramount, nor should they be made to appear so.

Service at this stage can be provided in chances to lead younger groups or to help each other in their own groups. Every girl can learn and grow and improve through service activities.

Another section is devoted to the activities of Martha, the Matron, much of it highly convincing and helpful. The book contains also additional chapters on the carrying forward of programs suggested by the needs of different ages and types.

*Volunteer Leadership*: Volunteers—those who have wisdom, prestige, time or ability—sometimes all four—are the hope of recreational programs. As much training as possible should be given, and volunteer leaders should be given maximum credit for all their work; they are responsible for most of its success.—*E. T. B.*

CAST OF THE "MAGIC BOWL," LAST YEAR'S "IMPROVEMENT ERA" PLAY, THIRD WARD M. I. A., POCATELLO STAKE

# "The Boy at Lippershey's"

*By*
James F. Scheer

WITH every passing era man adds to the list of known inventions by producing new knowledge. Occasionally the inventor is forgotten while his discovery lives on for an indefinite length of time. In all corners of the earth such instances can be recalled, and each country has its particular story to tell. Although it may sound improbable, one of the most romantic legends comes from the far off Netherlands.

Many people were in evidence in the streets of Amsterdam on this cool morning in the autumn of the year 1608. Old and young people clogging along in their wooden shoes walked toward the busy market place. Now and then a ruddy-faced youngster could be seen swinging an empty basket while whistling a quaint Dutch folk song. The narrow street lined with little shops was alive with noisy bargainers who were shouting to be heard above the din of human voices and the bedlam of the chickens, ducks and geese.

Old Mynheer Lippershey gazed thoughtfully out of the broad show-window of his small optical shop. He reflectively poked the ashes in the fireplace. "Here," he said, addressing a small bright-eyed boy who was busily engaged in straightening spectacle frames, "clean this glass when you finish with the frames."

The lad began to polish the lenses. He was proud to be the apprentice to Lippershey, the great spectacle maker; so he worked industriously from early morning until closing time. He had an ambition—to learn the trade thoroughly.

During his spare time the young apprentice would sort the numerous curiously shaped pieces of glass. He polished the colored pieces in order to see the entire panorama before him in different hues. Perhaps it was an accident, but the lad made an odd discovery. While looking through a thick piece of plain glass, he got an idea. "What will happen," he said to himself, "if I put two of these glasses before my eyes?"

WITH this boyish impulse came one of the world's greatest discoveries. For the two glasses, or lenses, held before the eye at a slight distance apart brought far away objects into easy sight. The church tower with its numerous pigeons hovering near was brought plainly before the boy's eyes. He could easily see the shingles on the church roof. He shouted in great excitement, "Look what I have found!"

His master hastened to his side, took the lenses and saw the marvelous, almost unbelievable spectacle. "A miracle," he cried, running out of the shop to show the wonderful discovery.

But now the sad part of the story must be told. Somehow, by accident, the record bearing the boy's name was lost. The young inventor was never to this day known. One year later, upon hearing of this discovery, the great Italian inventor, Galileo, experimented in the same manner. He made an instrument—the telescope based on the principle of the boy's discovery. Today we accredit Galileo with the invention of the telescope.

But in Amsterdam the wholesome, jolly Dutch people never shall forget the story of their young genius. When passing Lippershey's shop, the details re-occur to them. They still gaze at the far-off church tower which took part in the miraculous discovery. Perhaps Galileo is given credit for discovering the telescope, but to the Dutch people the little boy working at Lippershey's is the true inventor.

## Sables in Sego Prairie

(*Continued from page* 484)

have given much to keep Helen from seeing his wife—the lanky, angular, shiny-nosed Ruth—her voice a bit raucous from correcting the children, and her person not always too tidy or immaculate. But he was powerless to avert this meeting.

"Yes, I'll run up with you," he said.

DURING the brief luxurious ride Ernest was tormenting himself with the unattainable. To think he might once have had this girl! Perspiration broke out on his brow. He stammered like a school-boy. Even this gracious rambling house that he usually viewed with pride seemed dull and commonplace.

"What a lovely home!" Helen said in what she hoped was the right tone. Ernest forgave her lack of enthusiasm.

Several cars were parked about the curb. Holy cats! Ruth was entertaining the Self-Culture Club. Henry felt the eyes of thirty of Sego Prairie's Best Ladies piercing them as they alighted.

Within the house there was momentary confusion. The effect of the six years' training in that most worthy society was forgotten. They were frankly staring!

"Helen Wilson!" Doris Keyser gasped, "Chilblains, what swank!"

"Ruth, you remember Helen—Van Stratton," Ernest introduced.

Most of the ladies present had known Helen during the first eighteen years of her existence. She had lived across the tracks and pinching poverty had been hers. So it was she the papers had been raving about as the heiress to the Van Stratton millions!

The women were momentarily introspective. They felt suddenly cheaply dressed, ugly, drawn and old, in the presence of Helen's perfection. A flaming jealousy burned through their placid souls. They inspected carefully her fresh child-

like skin and well-shaped hands. They noted the correctness of her gown and her few real jewels. But they were sweet to her. There was an exuberance about Helen that everyone liked. But now it appeared they were being much too sweet.

Doris was remembering how she had excluded Helen intentionally from her party because she had wanted Ernest for her own partner. Ugh! Now she was glad Ruth had him. He was about as ornate as the town cistern, and not any more romantic.

"Yes," she heard Helen saying, "I saw the amusing old town cistern as I passed, and knew I was in the right place."

Alice remembered how she had refused to lend Helen her text books. It would be nice now to be able to say, "My dearest friend, Mrs. Van Stratton sent me this new book—etc."

RUTH noted with a knife-like pang that Helen's presence had affected Ernest like old wine. Her conscience would not let her forget the story she had started that almost ruined Helen's fair name and left Ernest for her own. She wondered now if he had been worth it, he was so unromantic! And Helen had been her best friend, too!

"Tell us about your husband," Doris was saying, and all of them were hoping, somehow that he was ancient and fat.

Helen was preparing to leave. "Some day I want you to all meet him," she said and then turning to her hostess with gracious and rare charm she continued, "Sego Prairie might be the tail end of nothing, but nowhere can one find more delightful people or truer friends."

The ladies of the Self-Culture Club watched until the last lines of the foreign-built car became indistinguishable in the distance. They sighed, some with envy, and some with real remorse others with regret over their lost youth.

Meanwhile, in an autumn-painted glen, the car with its immobile chauffeur and sable-wrapped lady had stopped.

"Oh," said Helen, with delight, "The sumac is beautiful! I should like to gather some."

Henry helped her. Suddenly she found herself in his arms.

"Of course, Henry, I'll marry you, dear," she said, "After we turn these duds in to the boss. Let Mrs. Rutherford Van Stratton find a new secretary."

She snuggled closer and sighed, "Oh Henry, do you suppose we'll ever be able to afford a house like Ernest's?"

"What, that shack?" scoffed Henry, "Why Baby, I'll buy you a house that is a house some day!"

# The Man You Saw Yesterday

*By*
Ezra J. Poulsen

WHERE is the man you met yesterday? You rubbed shoulders with him in passing down the crowded highway, and you were well impressed with his appearance. There was an expression on his clear-cut countenance which seemed to indicate vision, while a certain vigorous tilt of his shoulders suggested the will to carry on. Almost instantly you marked him for a winner.

Yesterday may have been a year, or ten years ago. In either case time has worked its changes, and you may well inquire, where is that man today? Has he risen to a place of permanent usefulness, as you expected, or has he for some unaccountable reason, trailed off into obscurity. Possibly you resolved to work a little harder, and make yourself in various ways more effective because of him. Now you are wondering if you have reached him in the race.

It may be time well spent to reflect a little, and do a little checking up on yourself, and on—him. If the man who inspired you has lived up to his early promise, it will be gratifying to feel that you have likewise made good progress, that you are still trailing him closely. But if he has fallen down, though you will feel sorry for him, you will profit by his mistakes, and renew your efforts in order that you might avoid them.

Disappointing though it is there are altogether too many bright human promises that die prematurely. And why? Surely that factor that constitutes the unknown in the equation of life is worth seeking. Scarcely an individual has lived to maturity without seeing someone concerning whom he has predicted success, slump into ignoble mediocrity. On the other hand from the ranks of the slow and misunderstood have come some of the greatest successes.

And this man you met yesterday may be one or the other. In either case he is the man through whom you can eternally replenish your store of enthusiasm. If he has failed you can see the shoals upon which his bark went astray. If he has succeeded the plain light of inspiration bridges the gap between him and you.

The other day a young man entered the hall of the high school from which he was graduated several years ago, and upon seeing one of his former teachers, enthusiastically announced that he had started work as a salesman. His manner indicated the fact that he was completely in love with his work. As a student he had been a very indifferent success. His teacher had not formed a glowing opinion of this particular student's future. Now, this opinion had to be changed. The young fellow is surely hitting the road to achievement.

How often this sort of thing happens! Still the shadow of uncertainty dogs this man's footsteps, and will do for years to come. In the full bloom of his first success he seems promising, but will he show the right combination of grit and brains to keep coming up after every fall with new strength and a batch of fresh ideas? If he does, he's a winner, and his reward will be great.

And so the man you saw yesterday, be he on the up-grade or down, is a living lesson. Watch him, keep growing. That deciding factor in the equation of life is the Intelligent Will, supported by an abiding faith.

# McCune School of Music and Art

*Sponsored by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

TRACY Y. CANNON, *Director*

*We Offer* PRIVATE AND CLASS LESSONS *in*

PIANO, ORGAN, VOICE, VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, WOODWIND AND BRASS INSTRUMENTS, THEORY OF MUSIC, DRAMATIC ART, DANCING, TO

*BEGINNERS and ADVANCED STUDENTS, TEACHERS, and ALL DESIRING TRAINING*

*Special attention given problems of choristers and organists*

●

Accredited four year courses leading to Diploma or Bachelor of Music Degree

●

A FACULTY OF DISTINGUISHED ARTIST TEACHERS

●

MODERATE TUITION FEES—SEND FOR CATALOG

*An Institutional Member of the National Association of Schools of Music*

200 NORTH MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

*"Of Course We're Saving for The Improvement Era at our House!"*

MOTHER and Father both say we just can't get along without the *Era*, and all of us kids agree with them.

"It isn't so hard either. We just hang the *Era* envelope where it's handy and then all of us, when we have a penny, a nickle, a dime, or a quarter slip it into the little slit and there you are. When our subscription is up, there are the two dollars waiting for the agent or to go direct to the *Era*.

"Mother says, 'This is our missionary fund. Until we have a boy or girl old enough to carry the Gospel to the world, we'll support *The Improvement Era* and do our part toward sending it free to the missionaries.' Whenever we read one of those fine letters from a missionary telling how the *Era* has seemed like a visitor from home—Dad says, 'You see, youngsters, you helped do that.' And are we proud!

"Two picture-show tickets a month will more than do it. My sister Bess and I have agreed to stay away from some picture we wanted to see, just so we'll know how to sacrifice for others.

"If you're having trouble getting that two dollars for the *Era*, I'd suggest a For *The Improvement Era* envelope."

*Good idea, Jack; we'll back up that suggestion, and will mail an envelope free to any address upon request.*

Address
*The Improvement Era*
50 North Main Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah

# Ruff

(*Continued from page 472*)

ment, and when school started in the fall, he was a first class scout, and the proud owner of a complete uniform. The gang had stopped teasing him, and were begrudgingly interested—but not enough to go to a church to join the Boy Scouts.

Trees were becoming a riot of color—orange, yellow, red. Lamar's scout training taught him to appreciate these things. It seemed to him that he had never before experienced the beauties of nature. The very air felt animated and alive with its tangy freshness. And here and there a small flower still brightened some forgotten nook.

Having received permission of Judge Jones to explore his wooded tract south of the city, Lamar obtained a boy to work in his place at the grocery store one Saturday, and took his mess kit, potatoes, onions, a carrot, a piece of salt pork, and a notebook, and left for the woods shortly after sunup. The food was for a stew; the notebook, for observations of birds, animals, and plants.

Soon after walking the mile to the woods, and climbing over the rail fence, he saw a flash of scarlet in the top of a giant oak on the bank of a wide creek which ran through the woods. Then a red bird circled the tree. It was joined by another which had dull coloring. Both disappeared.

He stalked the pair. Feeling something rub against his leg, he jumped, then laughed. Ruff had followed him as he did at every opportunity. He reached down and scratched the dog's ears affectionately. Ruff wagged his tail and yelped joyously.

A high bank near the tree promised better observation. It overlooked a deep pool where the creek formed a wide bend, and from it Lamar saw his reflection in the placid water. The few white clouds, the blue sky, and the big oak tree were mirrored in the cold water. Tiny fish skirted the many boulders under the bank.

He looked at the tree, saw the scarlet bird, noticed the tuft of feathers on the head, and started to enter this in his notebook. Then it seemed as though the earth opened beneath his feet, and he felt himself falling.

He fell with the caving bank on to the pile of boulders underneath, his right leg twisted under him. It snapped, and a sharp, sickening pain jarred his whole body. A shower of debris from above fell around him. Another large chunk of the bank gave way, and he was powerless to avoid it.

It struck him on the shoulder and right arm, and knocked him out into deep water. He fought to get his head above water, but his right arm was useless, and there was a terrific pain in his right shoulder.

It flashed through his mind that struggling was futile. He let himself go limp, and clamped his left hand over his mouth and nose. He felt himself bob on the surface, and knew his buoyancy had lifted him. He raised his head suddenly, and saw the tip of a submerged stump a few feet away. He reached for it as he went under again. His hand touched it, slipped, found it again, and held.

THE water was cold and deep. He was a good swimmer, as he had demonstrated to become a first class scout, but he knew he could not swim to shore with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder.

He was a good twenty feet from the rocky, perpendicular bank which had caved with him. Even if he could reach it, he could not climb out. It was a long sixty feet to the foot of the towering oak where the bank was a sandy, gentle slope. It was even farther to the other side of the creek.

The torture of his dislocated right shoulder and the grinding pains of his broken leg were excruciating. He fought to retain consciousness; attempted to shout for help, but his voice was hysterical, and he grimly recognized the futility of making himself heard a quarter of a mile away where automobiles roared toward the city on the paved highway.

On top of the treacherous bank, he saw Ruff stretching his neck and wrinkling his nose; heard his perplexed barking. Then he lost his hold on the slippery, submerged stump, and went under. He fought desperately, got his head above water, saw the stump beside him, struggled, and obtained a hold on it again. The pains from his shoulder and leg were racing through his body, and he writhed

in agony, fighting off fainting spells, clamping his teeth together.

Ruff was on the bank which had caved, whining frantically. He called through chattering teeth to the dog, and his numb fingers lost their hold on the slippery stump. Under he went, but he heard a heavy splash, felt something gripping his coat collar; could feel the sudden pressure on his throat as the cloth was twisted and jerked. Then his head struck something hard, and the shock to his dislocated shoulder and broken leg drove consciousness from him.

FINALLY, Lamar opened his eyes. Something rough and wet and warm was being rubbed over his face. He raised his left hand. Ruff stopped licking him, and whined.

Lamar turned his head painfully, and saw that he had been dragged to the gentle, sandy slope under the giant oak tree. But he was still partly in the cold water.

The pain in his leg and shoulder was terrific. He shifted his position and eased the pain as best he could. The effort brought large, black spots before his eyes. The dog licked his face again, then ran barking into the woods.

After a time, the helpless Lamar heard excited voices. Exerting himself, he twisted his head, and saw a bunch of the gashouse gang, Butch at their head. They pulled him out of the water, and Butch held his left hand while he explained his predicament.

"That's tough!" the gang leader exclaimed. "Ruff met us at the vacant lot where we were playing ball. He'd dash around, barking and yelping. Then he'd run away. Finally he howled like he was being whipped to death, sprang at me, grabbed the heel of my shoe, and jerked me off my feet. Then he backed away, snarling and watching.

"When I got to my feet, he got down on his belly and crawled to me, whining and begging. Then he jumped up, and dashed down the street. He stopped and looked back howling.

"Then we tumbled that maybe something was wrong, and followed him. He yelped, and raced ahead, returning to bark at our heels like he wanted us to hurry.

"He brought us here."

"Good old Ruff!" Lamar scratched the dog's ears. "Can one of you fix some temporary splints for my leg, and put my shoulder back in place?" he asked.

"We never learned anything like that," Butch said. "Could you do it to one of us?"

"Yes. That's part of the boy scout training."

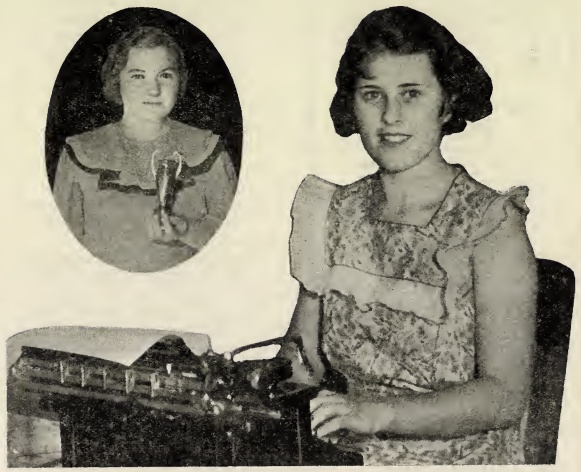
"Can you beat it!" Butch exclaimed. "There must be more to this scouting than we thought. Could we join? Not right now, of course. We'll run over to the highway, and stop a car and take you to the hospital first. But later, will you take us to meeting?"

"Sure. But I won't be able to go for a long time, now that my leg's broken."

"Gee. That is tough."

"But I'll have Judge Jones take you down and introduce you. He sure is a swell guy. All the scout leaders are swell guys."


# Henager Students Win At World's Fair



Miss Beth Anderson, of Lehi, Utah, right, was a winner in the Typewriting event of the International Commercial School Contest held at Chicago June 28. Miss Virginia Martin, of Tooele, (inset) was awarded a cup for typewriting the only perfect test out of 453 contestants.

It will pay you to attend a school that is producing *Winners* and has a *National Reputation.*

Completion of one of our Courses will be the Best Investment you could possibly make. 157 calls for office help have been received so far this year and all positions have not been filled. Positions are available to those qualified.

FALL TERM STARTS SEPTEMBER 4

New students may enroll during August in advance of the regular opening.

Write, phone or call for catalog. Visitors welcome any time. Mention *Era* in writing.

## HENAGER BUSINESS COLLEGE

D. B. MOENCH, Mgr.

45 E. Broadway Wasatch 2753

*LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED COMMERCIAL SCHOOL IN INTERMOUNTAIN TERRITORY*

**Bring Us**

Your KODAK FILM for Expert Developing, Printing and Enlarging.

We solicit out of town mail orders.

**Utah Photo Materials Co.**

Incorporated

PHOTO SUPPLIES

27 West South Temple

25 Years in Business

Correct Kodak Finishing—Hand Colored Scenic Views

Wasatch 2235

**Attention Bishops!**

Help the missionary work along at the

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

by getting your

**Sacrament Sets From Us**

NEW LOW PRICES:

Water tray—heavy SILVER plated with three dozen glasses .....$16.00

Extra glasses .....$1.00 and $1.25 per doz.

BREAD TRAYS .....$7.50

Bureau of Information

Temple Block

Salt Lake City, Utah

**NOBODY CAN STOP LOSS.**

**EVERYBODY CAN AVOID IT THROUGH INSURANCE**

When you come here for insurance you get it, coupled with attentive, experienced service. This is an agency of the Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.

**UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.

General Agents

Salt Lake City, Utah

# Wings

(*Continued from page 461*)

I bet I have him home in a jiffy."

But it was nearer an hour when Mrs. Strubel returned to the harassed mother, empty handed.

"I've been every place," she confessed. "Even to the airport. And nobody seems to have caught a glimpse of him."

"Then we'd better telephone to the police," Mary said tremulously.

"Could I use your telephone, Mrs. Strubel?"

"I'll go."

Hurriedly the kindly old woman started to cut across the yard. At the same moment little Rosemary's cry came from under the trees:

"Mother, here's Buddy, fast asleep way down inside David's airplane!" she was shouting excitedly.

Mary ran across the yard. A rumpled little head was coming into view above the sides of the packing box. He looked around.

"Me hungry," he announced cheerfully.

The baby had wakened and began to whimper. Mary went to it, Mrs. Strubel in her wake.

"Lands, if you haven't had a day," the latter was saying.

"There doesn't seem much left to happen," Mary agreed wearily.

"Well, here now, it's gettin' late," Mrs Strubel insisted. "You better be makin' tracks for that airport."

Mary glanced at her wrist watch. After four.

"It doesn't seem worth while," she said.

"You'll feel different when you get over there and see all that crowd. You don't want to miss that grand chance to go up in the plane."

"I never wanted to do anything so badly in my life," Mary began.

"I'm hungry, Moth'," David's voice broke in.

"I got a pitcher of milk on the ice, and fresh cookies," Mrs Strubel announced. "I'll go get them."

SHE bustled off. Mary went toward her own door. It was time for the baby's gruel. She would manage that before she left.

She was waiting for the pot to heat when she heard the scream. She rushed to the door. Down in the yard David hung over his airplane. A long piece of pipe extended from what he called the engine. In it, up to the shoulder, one arm was thrust.

Mary, the baby on her arm, went to him.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded.

"It's my arm, Moth'. I can't get it out," he sobbed.

"But why did you put it in?"

"'Cause Buddy nearly kicked it out when he was sleeping, and I was trying to fix it straight."

Mary bent over the writhing child. "Try," she begged, as she gave his shoulder a tug.

A shriek went up from David. She ripped back the blouse sleeve. The shoulder was fiery red.

"It is swollen, dear; that is why. But please, please try!"

"My lands, if he hasn't got his arm caught," Mrs. Strubel exclaimed, as she came toward them, carrying a plate and pitcher.

"And I don't know what to do," Mary said helplessly. "It is malleable iron, so we can't break it."

"Likely it will have to be filed off," her neighbor advised. I'll tell you. George just drove in. I'll get him to run down to his boss's shop and get some files."

"Oh, Moth', it hurts so," David was sobbing.

"I know, dear—oh, Mrs. Strubel, if you would!"

"George!" Mrs. Strubel's voice rose lustily.

A few minutes later young George Strubel's old flivver was rattling wildly down the road.

For a quarter of an hour the two women sat with the boy. Then the baby on Mary's arm began to wail.

"I was just going to feed her," Mary explained.

"Go right in. I'll stay with this poor lamb, and give him and Rosie something to eat while we wait," Mrs. Strubel said.

Mary felt her knees shaking under her as she went. She began to reheat the chilled gruel, walking the floor with the crying child. What next? she wondered dully.

"Mis' Brown! Mis' Brown!"

It was Mrs. Strubel calling. Mary somehow found strength to go down the walk again. David was dancing excitedly about.

"We got it out," Mrs Strubel announced. "I just kind of give it a little twist, and there you are!"

"Mother, when do we have supper?" Rosemary piped.

"What time is it anyway?" Mrs. Strubel asked.

"Nearly five," Mary told her.

"My, then I got to go," she said regretfully. "Too bad you won't get your grand time after all!"

"It doesn't matter," Mary said wearily as she started toward the bungalow.

Suddenly from across the fields came the sound of the band. Above it rose the triumphant blast of an airplane whistle.

Mary stopped short. Her face went heavenward. David and Rosemary came to her side.

"What is it, Moth'? David asked.

"I think it is your Aunt Rose starting her flight," Mary said lifelessly.

The music grew louder. Then suddenly above it rose the whirr of propellors and from over the horizon it soared—a silver plane, sweeping gracefully across the skyline.

MOTIONLESS, Mary stood there, the baby on her arm, Buddy clutching her skirt, David and Rosemary staring awed beside her—her tired eyes lifted to that sweep of silver wings, leaving the earth so far below. And it was there her husband saw her as he came up the walk. At sight of the little group his jaw dropped.

"Mary, I thought you'd be gone long before this!" he exclaimed.

"How could I?" she demanded in a metallic voice. "Trudy didn't come, and Buddy was lost, and David got his arm caught—and, oh, everything went wrong."

Her husband's tired face grew compassionate.

"Oh, and you didn't get to fly," burst from him regretfully.

"Get to fly?" his wife repeated after him. "No, I didn't!" Her voice rose hysterically as the pent-up worry and disappointment of the day swept over her. "Flying, I'm afraid, will never be for me; not so long as I am tied down as I am now—as I have been since I married. Worry and work and minding babies—no money, no clothes, not even a chance to enjoy one day's real pleasure—oh, I have no illusions left. I'll always be the sort that has to plod along with their feet on the ground!"

"I'm sorry, honey," David began humbly.

She whirled on him.

"Being sorry doesn't help," she declared tempestuously. "I wish I'd never married, or if I did, not let a family tie me down like this. I'm just as clever as Rose—I might have done something big, too, if I hadn't been so afraid of not doing my duty to the rest of you. I'm sick of it—and from now on I'm going to look out for myself—." Her voice suddenly broke, and turning, she rushed blindly toward the house.

IT was several hours later that Mary sat on the front porch in the moonlight, waiting the arrival of Rose Hutton. She sat alone. The children slept. David had disappeared. The evening had been a strained one. After her outburst on her husband's arrival, she had sunk into a sort of stony silence. David's inarticulateness held him quiet, unable to express his sympathy; unwilling perhaps, too, to say anything that might further rub raw her overwrought nerves.

Mary had no desire to make any overtures of peace. She still was smoldering under her great disappointment. Life suddenly seemed drab, hopeless. Nor was this the first pang of discouragement she had known. More than once there had come to her, as she tried to raise her little family, a feeling of unvoiced revolt; of being trapped. But it took today's accumulation of trouble to bring it all to a head.

Sitting there alone, she brooded. Might there not yet be some way of escape? Suppose she were once more to try to do something in the business world? Many modern wives were doing it. She could brush up on her stenography and get a position. She would gladly pay some woman to take charge of the house. Anything—anything—for a little freedom. Of course, she could never hope to equal Rose now. But there might be a few moments of exaltation for her yet—just a taste of what it must mean to her friend when she soared among the clouds—surely a heavenly feeling of not being tied down—.

Mary was brought out of her thought when at last there loomed before the gate the big gray car. She got up and went down the walk. Rose Hutton came across the roadway. But to Mary's surprise she was in her flying togs, rather than the evening clothes she had expected her to wear to the banquet.

Mary stopped short at sight of her friend's face. It gleamed a chalky white in the moonlight.

"I can't stop, Mary," Rose said in a strained voice. "I'm on my way to the airport to borrow a plane. I'm taking off for Los Angeles at once."

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 418-C Chicago, Ill.

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

Will Banish Drudgery

Now is a good time to make your home modern, and enjoy the wonderful advantages of all-electric service—

Cleanliness
Convenience
Comfort
Economy

CALL AT OUR LOCAL STORE

You will not be obligated, but we will be glad to show you Attractive models of the Electric Range, Refrigerator and Water Heater. Also we will explain how easy it is for you to start enjoying them.

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

**Utah's Pioneer Printers and Bookbinders**

- **Church Magazines bound permanently and attractively at little cost.**
- **Newest designs in Wedding and Social Stationery.**
- **Modern Type Faces.**
- **Book and Publication Printing.**
- **Music Printing.**
- **Record Forms.**

**ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN**

**The Deseret News Press**

**29 Richards St.—Salt Lake City, Utah**

**BE INDEPENDENT**

**No Other Vocation So Profitable!**
**ENROLL NOW**
**For a Complete Course at the**

**Quish School of Beauty Culture**

**The Best in the West**
**304-9 Ezra Thompson Bldg.**
**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

**For Further Information and Catalog Call Wasatch 7560 or Fill in This Coupon**

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

"My dear, what is it?"

"It's Larry—" Rose said, in the same unnatural voice. "He's been found—shot."

"My dear! How did it happen?"

"Attempted suicide, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no!"

"He had threatened to! And if he dies, I have killed him."

"Rose, you don't know what you're saying!"

"Only too well," the other woman said lifelessly. "We've been practically separated for years—and Larry's been drinking."

Mary gasped.

"I thought you were both so happy."

"I was happy," Rose exclaimed bitterly. "Or for a while I thought I was. You know I boasted that I didn't intend to make a household drudge of myself. Then came flying—and for awhile I was thrilled over what I was achieving—carried away with the praise, the fame, the glamor of it all."

She threw out her hands.

"In the meantime, what of poor Larry? He wanted the normal things of life, the things that every household should reflect: a home, children, the sympathy and love of his wife. But what was he getting? Really nothing. Oh, it wasn't that he was selfish—Larry was never that, and if I could have combined a domestic and professional career, he would have been the last to object."

"It has been done, my dear," Mary said consolingly.

"In some rare instances, perhaps," her friend conceded wearily. "But I wasn't willing to consider it. My whole heart was in my career. In time, we began drifting apart. Poor Larry was worse than homeless. He went down and down, and I didn't raise my hand to save him."

"Oh, poor Rose, I am so sorry!" Mary exclaimed.

"I don't deserve your sympathy, Mary. I robbed that man of everything—even his God, since he could do a thing like this. But I've had my awakening. Oh, it didn't just commence tonight. For some time I have begun to realize what a hollow, empty thing life can be when you have sacrificed everything for a worldly motive. But by that time Larry seemed numbed—lost—" Rose Hutton threw her arms about her friend. "Oh, Mary, how wise you have been to choose the worthwhile things of life—to have made a real home for your kind Dave—to be such a dear little mother to your babies—and to do it all so uncomplainingly."

A SUDDEN blush burned Mary's cheeks.

"I'm not half so noble as you think."

"You're an angel," her friend said brokenly. Then her eyes went to her wrist watch. "And now, I must go."

"But—to fly Rose? Is there no other way?"

"It's the quickest way of getting to Larry. But if God spares him to me, it is my last flight."

Mary stood where her weeping friend had left her. The shock of it all held her. Poor Rose, whom she had so often envied!

And welling up with her pity, came a sudden feeling of shame, and enlightenment. How, after this, could she ever feel revolt at her own lot, or fail to realize, despite what tribulations might be hers, that she had indeed chosen what her friend called the "worth while things?" Why, just to have her Davy's gentle praise for some little service was worth all the plaudits of a gaping crowd. To have young David's little bible was worth all the trophies in the world. And surely one friendly little chuckle from Buddy, or the outstretched arms of baby Alice, was recompense for all the worries motherhood could heap upon her.

Suddenly Mary raised her head. It came across the fields—the whirr of propellors. She knew it was Rose, taking off. She scanned the sky. Yes, there it came, the big silver plane.

Mary stood watching it until it was out of sight. Watching it without envy. Suddenly it seemed to her as tragic as a lost spirit trying to find its way through the lonely night.

## *Realization*

*By L. P. Roberts*

YOU said you were unworthy of me, dear,
When I proposed, that lovely summer night,
And, now that we've been married for a year,
I must admit, my darling, you were right.

# Let's Talk About Personality

(Continued from page 475)

remain a little longer before running away. Eventually, the habit of constructive thinking becomes easier, your mind takes on a pleasant orderliness, you find a new kind of satisfaction and power, new courage and strength. With this new power will come increased ability to think straight, to form right concepts and ideas, to make truer decisions, to form better judgments, to exercise reasonable choice. Impulsive, imperfect thinking will gradually give way to more positive, more constructive habits of thinking and as time goes on, you will find it less necessary to say, "I'm sorry, I didn't think." "It turned out badly but it seemed like a good idea at the time." "I see now that it wasn't the logical thing to do."

As an aid to mental hygiene, the value of good music and wholesome literature cannot be overestimated. Good music is a mental stimulant. It lifts one up and out of the rut of monotony into the upper reaches of sublimity. It refines, exalts, inspires. Wholesome literature furnishes concrete concepts of the constructive forces of life. We learn to recognize the motivating power of unselfish love, the power of truth, the value of honesty and the nobility of tolerance. In short, the consistent reading of good literature fills a vitally important need in the development of personality and we find that soon, we can depend upon our minds to see us through any given situation.

Successful mental adjustments pave the way for social, emotional and kindred adjustments and thus we place our feet firmly on the first step on the stairway to a charming personality.

## *Faith*

FAITH is the first principle of the gospel of our Lord and the moving power to all growth development and progress, temporally and spiritually, and has been from the beginning of time and will forever continue to be.

—*J. A. Buttle.*


**DON'T LET THE HOT WEATHER *UPSET* you!**

***Keep fit by eating* FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* YEAST . . .**

Keep fit by eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. This natural simple food relieves constipation and tones up the whole system. The result is better digestion and better appetite. Your energy returns and you are in fine condition to withstand the discomforts of hot weather. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day and enjoy better health. On sale at grocery stores, delicatessens, soda fountains and restaurants.

**Call on Us - - - We're Here to Help**

Pictures, pictures, everywhere! Around the house, at the club—today, tomorrow, this week-end. Get your Kodak out!

Call on us for films,—you want Verichrome, of course. For finishing—you want our careful service. For picture-making information—we're here to help.

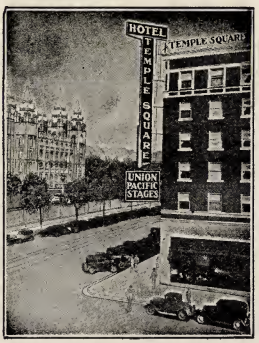
A complete selection of Eastman Cameras is always in stock here—Kodaks $5.00 up, and Brownie cameras for as little as $2.25.

**EASTMAN KODAK STORES**

Incorporated

155 South Main Street—Salt Lake City, Utah

***Salt Lake City's Newest Popular Hotel***




*HOTEL TEMPLE SQUARE*

200 Rooms each with Tile Bath

Rates

$1.50 to $4.00

Radio Connections for Every Room

Opposite Great Mormon Temple

ERNEST C. ROSSITER, Manager

# Your Page and Ours

AN echo from June Conference is the letter recenty received from the manager of Saltair Beach—Mr. Thomas M. Wheeler—who reports that the attendance on June 8—M. I. A. day—exceeded any similar day in the last ten years. He states that to him M. I. A. day gives the greatest inspiration of any day in the holiday season, and highly commends the organization on its personel. In that crowd of 7000 there was not a single case of law-breaking.

TO Mr. Wheeler we reply that perhaps the excellent preparation for the crowd at Saltair and the delightful entertainment offered them accounts in a measure for the appreciation which they manifest in their conduct. Without the cooperation of the management of Saltair M. I. A. day could not be the lovely thing at has become.

### A MISSIONARY WRITES

I AM a missionary for the L. D. S. Church and during the past four months it has been my privilege to work on the Fort Peck Indian reservation in north-eastern Montana. Our Indian friends up there seem delighted with the sacred record of their forefathers which we bring to them. Please consider this an order for three copies of the Indian number of the *Era*, which I intend to forward to friends on the reservation. I'm sure the tolerance and respect which we as L. D. S. members hold for the Lamanite is clearly shown by the enthusiasm for Indian life study as recorded in the March number of the *Era*.

"Signed: Elder Newell S. Hart."

THE Indian issue of the *Era* was so convincing to the Managing Editor that he chose to spend his vacation in Mexico, where he could obtain first-hand information and make personal observation regarding the Lamanites. The *Era* will carry to its readers some of his conclusions in future issues.

### WEST VIRGINIA IS EXPRESSIVE

WE members of the M. I. A. in the mission field eagerly look forward to receiving *The Improvement Era* each month. In our small branch we have nearly twice our quota of subscriptions, for by using the *Era* we are able to keep up to date in our Mutual work. To know that we are having the same programs for our Sunday night conjoint meetings as are being given throughout the various wards and branches makes us feel more a part of this great organization. Personally I think the articles, "The Power of Truth" by Wm. George Jordan, alone are worth the price of a year's subscription to the *Era*—to say nothing of those too few lovely stories and poems by Ardyth Kennelly.

"Signed: Frances Heninger (Charleston Branch)."

### SOMEONE ELSE LIKES MISS KENNELLY

WHILE I am writing I will mention my favorite *Era* story, by Ardyth Kennelly. The one about Holly. I can't remember the name but do remember the story and I love Holly as the author hoped she would be loved. My favorite poem thus far is the one about willows which ends: 'O Maker of willows, and Maker of Men, Thanks for making them new again.' May the Lord bless you in your efforts to publish what is beautiful and good.

"Signed: Laurie Mason (British Columbia)."

THE poem mentioned is "Re-creation," by Lowry Nelson, and was printed in *The Young Woman's Journal* before it became part of *The Improvement Era*. We feel the same about it—and about Holly. Read the next letter and see what the creator of Holly has in mind for you.

### ARDYTH KENNELLY'S LETTERS ARE NICE, TOO

She writes:

PRETTY soon I'll send you one about Laurel, with unbelievable eyelashes, who thought that no matter *what* anybody said, Sunday was never as good as the rest of the days; and about Rose, so beautiful she melted you somehow inside, so clever you could never stop being amazed, who dipped chocolates, and went to Dances and had beaus, who used lipstick that was redder than a red velvet dress or red beads or anything, and smelled so wonderful that even vanilla flavoring, or even lemon, couldn't smell so wonderful. Laurel was eight and Rose lived next door, with oh, bright yellow hair, and once there was a Sunday that was *better* than the rest of the days. It's not done, the story, or named, but I see them laughing, and smell that day. It will happen soon." And she adds: "Kiss the *Era* secretary delicately for me. Your letter about her made me want to buy her things. She wouldn't like pink cookies or some gold slippers or a Chinese bracelet or something, would she?"

WHEN a note from Ardyth Kennelly, who has yellow hair herself, we believe, comes in the *Era* mail, it is an occasion in the office. You can see how it would be, can't you, readers?

### WOODRUFF, ARIZONA, CARRIES ON

REGARDING the *Era* campaign for subscriptions, Charles H. Turley writes: "There were so many non-members who showed interest in our stake campaign that it made my heart cry for joy! For this friendly contest I have climbed trees and picked apples, dug carrots, stripped cane and made molasses, sold chickens, grain and even rabbits. The Lord has placed plenty of things in this dear old world to buy *Eras* with if we will only reach out and gather it in. * * * In the top of a tree, picking apples, I sang 'Carry on, carry on, carry on!' and while digging carrots we sang 'M. I. A. We Hail Thee.' Isaiah says that in the last days nations shall beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks. We have beat farm produce into *Eras*.

INCIDENTALLY, Snowflake Stake (of which Woodruff is a part) took first place in the contest; and no wonder!

### SAFETY CAMPAIGN GOES ON

AN editorial from the Blackfoot Bulletin, sent in by V. O. Buchanan, we quote in part as follows: "The summer project this year is that of Safety and all M. I. A. members are cautioned to use utmost care on the highways and other places where accidents are most likely to occur, and to do their part in lowering the abnormally high death rate, resulting from carelessness in driving on the highways. "Ordinarily such a resolution would pass unnoticed, but the M. I. A. will uphold its suggestion and good results will be forthcoming. This statement may elicit surprise in some quarters, but not here where we know the members of the M. I. A. and realize their zeal in upholding the teachings and doctrines of those in authority. Demon Speed is a partner of Death Curve in this county. They vie with one another for the distinction of cutting the widest swath in the ranks of our people. Both can be relegated to oblivion * * * a long step in putting them in the background will have been attained by the action of the M. I. A. It will be a happy day when all the people adopt the M. I. A. slogan; when a safety first program becomes so firmly impressed upon our minds that we shall shudder at the peace-time casualty list as we do the list of war dead."

IT is the belief of the *Era* that M. I. A. officers and members everywhere will live up to the expectations of those who have confidence in their fidelity to an accepted project.

**Remember the three toots!**

### ARE WE WORKING TOWARD BETTER FILMS?

A LETTER from an Association of Church Magazines says: "The editorial in *The Improvement Era* (for June) was most pleasing, inasmuch as many are hoping that those who are interested in the campaign for clean moving pictures will join in publishing facts and ideas, so that the people may know. We hope that your magazine, with the representative organizations behind it, will get into the thing with all your power and try to lift the weight of wrong values which the present type of movies forces upon the youth of the land, with inevitably disastrous results. Congratulations upon that editorial and upon your screen page!"

CAMPUS VIEWED FROM THE AIR

# THE Highest of Educational Values

**ARE OFFERED BY**

# The University of Utah

**Served by forty departments. A broad curriculum guarantees a wide choice in academic and professional fields.**

**Send for a free catalogue and consider the opportunities available for advanced study in the State's largest institution of higher learning.**

**SCHOOLS OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, EDUCATION, BUSINESS, MEDICINE, LAW, ENGINEERING**

**THE LOWER DIVISION**

**Two years of college work providing orientation and a background for further study and advancement in a chosen field.**

**GRADUATE WORK**

**Leading to the Master's degree**

**THE EXTENSION DIVISION**

**Classes of interest and value to all**

## UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# M. I. A. Members

We're calling your attention to the wisdom of obtaining Beneficial Life Insurance while you are yet young.

Physical fitness and youth are certificates that entitle you to many valuable advantages — Lower Rates — Better Policies—Bigger Returns.

A few dollars invested each year in a Beneficial Safety-Savings Contract will eliminate the rainy day.

Pave the way ahead and assure yourself a future path of joy, satisfaction and success.

THERE IS NO BETTER FOUNDATION ON WHICH TO BUILD

DIRECTORS

HEBER J. GRANT
A. W. IVINS
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.
GEO. J. CANNON
E. T. RALPHS
JOS. F. SMITH
B. F. GRANT
DAVID O. MCKAY
A. B. C. OHLSON

# BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT

HOME OFFICE SALT LAKE CITY

E. T. RALPHS, GEN. MGR.